THE VNNATVRALL COMBAT.

A Tragedie.

The Scæne *Marsellis.*

Written
BY
PHILIP MASSINGER.

As it was presented by the Kings Majesties Servants at the GLOBE.

LONDON,
Printed by *B. G.* for IOHN WATERSON, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the Crowne, in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.
1639.

The perſons preſented.

Beaufort ſenior, Governour of *Marſellis*.
Beaufort junior, his ſonne.
Malefort ſenior, Admirall of *Marſellis*.
Malefort junior, his ſonne.
Chamont, *Montagne*, *Lanour* } Aſſiſtants to the Governour.
Montrevile, a pretended friend to *Malefort ſenior*.
Belgarde, a poore Captaine.
Three Sea Captaines of the Navy of *Malefort junior*.
Servants.
Souldiers.
Theocrine, daughter to *Malefort ſenior*.
Two waiting women.
Uſher. Page.
Bawde. Two Wenches.

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and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the
Crowne, in S. Paul Church-yard.
1632

To my much Honoured Friend, ANTHONY SENTLEGER, Of Oukham in Kent, Esquire.

SIR,

That the Patronage of trifles, in this kinde, hath long since rendred Dedications, and Inscriptions obsolete, and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confesse, that I walking in the same path, may be truly argued by you of weakneſſe, or wilfull errour: but the reasons and defences, for the tender of my service this way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankefulneſſe for so many favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble Father, Sir Warham Sentliger (whose remarkeable vertues must be ever remembred) being, while hee lived, a master, for his pleasure, in Poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgement, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the Heire of his honour and estate) inherited his good inclinations to men of my poore quality, of

which I cannot give any ampler testimony thereof, than a free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides, (and that not the least encouragement to me) many of eminence and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of mine, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the Patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to finde your Name written. I present you with this old Tragedie, without Prologue, or Epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments, were not advanced above the fabricque of the whole work. Accept it I beseech you, as it is, and continue your favour to the Author.

Your [illegible]

PHILIP MASSINGER.

THE VNNATVRALL COMBAT.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Montrevile, Theocrine, Vsher, Page, waiting Women.

MONTREVILE.

OW to bee modeſt Madam, when your are
A ſuitor for your father, would appeare,
Courſer then bouldneſſe you a while muſt part
with ſoft ſilence, and the bluſhings of a virgin,
Though I muſt grant (did not this cauſe cõmand
it) They are rich jewells you have ever worne
To all mens admiration, in this age,
If by our owne forc'd importunity,
Or others purchaſd Interceſſion, or
Corrupting bribes we can make our approches
To juſtice guarded, from us by ſterne power,
We bleſſe the meanes, and induſtry.

Vſh. Heres muſicke

In this bagge ſhall wake her, though ſhee had drunke *Opium*,
Or eaten Mandrakes, let commanders talke
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire
To this petarde, it ſhall blow open Madam
The iron doores of a judge, and make you entrance,
When they (let them doe what they can) with all
Their mines, their culverins, and Baſiliſcos
Shall coole their feete without, this being the pickelocke
That never failes.

Mon. Tis true, gold can doe much,
But beauty more, were I the governour,
Though the Admirall your father ſtood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, halfe a dozen
Of ſweet cloſe kiſſes from theſe cherry lips,
With ſome ſhort active conference in private,
Should ſigne his generall pardon.

Thes. Theſe light words ſir
Doe ill become the weight of my ſad fortune
And I much wonder you that doe profeſſe
Your ſelfe to be my fathers boſome friend,
Can raiſe mirth from his miſery.

Mon. You miſtake me,
I ſhare in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I ſhould doe
For ſuch a rare petitioner, and if
Youle follow the directions, I preſcribe
With my beſt judgement I'll marke out the way
For his inlargement.

Thes. With all reall joy,
I ſhall put what you counſell into act,
Provided it be honeſt.

Mon. Honeſty
In a faire ſhe client (truſt to my experience)
Seldome or never proſpers, the world's wirked.
Wee are men, not ſaints ſweet Lady, you muſt practice
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it, do not deceive your ſelfe

By building too much on the falſe foundations
Of chaſtity and vertue, bid your wayters
Stand farther of, and i'll come neerer to you.
2. *Wom.* Some wicked counſaile on my life.
2. *Wom.* Nere doubt it,
If it proceed from him.
Page. I wonder that
My Lord ſo much affects him.
Uſh. Thou art a child and doſt not underſtand on what ſtrong baſes this friendſhip's raiſd between this *Montreville* and our Lord Monſieur, *Malefort*, but Ile teach thee from thy yeares they have been joynt purchaſers, in fire, & water-works, and truckt together.
Page. In fire and waterworks,
Uſh. Commodities boy
Which you may know hereafter.
Page. And deale in 'em
When the trade has given you over, as appeares (by the increaſe of your high forehead.
Uſh. Heare's a cracke,
I thinke they ſucke this knowledge in their milke.
Page. I had had an ignorant nurſe elſe. Ile have tide ſir
My Ladies garter, and can gheſſe.
Uſh. Peace infant, *Theocrine falls off.*
Tales out a ſchoole take heed you will be britchd elſe.
1. *Wom.* My Ladies colour changes.
2. *Wom.* She falls off too.
Theo. You are a naughty man, indeed you are,
And I will ſooner periſh with my father
Then at this price redeeme him.
Mon. Take your owne way,
Your modeſt legall way, tis not your vayle
Nor mourning habit, nor theſe creatures taught
To howle, and cry, when you beginne to whimper,
Nor following my Lords coach in the dirt,
Nor that with you relie upon a bribe
Will doe it when there's ſomething he ſlikes better.

These courses in an old crone of threescore,
That had seaven yeares together tirde the court
With tedious petitions and clamors,
For the recovery of a strangling husband,
To pay forsooth the duties of one to her,
But for a Lady of your tempting beauties,
Your youth and ravishing features to hope only
In such a suite as this is, to gaine favor
Without exchange of courtesie, you conceive me,
Were madnes at the height, heres brave yong *Beaufort* *Enter Beaufort and Belgarde.*
The meteor of *Marsellis*, one that houlds
The governour his fathers will and power
In more awe then his owne, come, come advance,
Present your bag cramm'd with crowns of the sunne,
Doe you thinke he cares for money? he loves pleasure,
Burne your petition, burne it, he dotes on you,
Upon my knowledge, to his cabinet, doe
And hee will point you out a certaine course,
Be the cause right or wrong to have your father
Releasd with much facility. *Exit Montreuile.*
Theo. Doe you heare?
Take a pander with you.
Iu. Beauf. I tell thee there is neither
Imployment yet nor money.
Belg. I have commanded
And spent my owne meanes in my countries service,
In hope to raise a fortune.
Iu. Beauf. Many have hop'd so,
But hopes prove seldome certainties with souldiers.
Belg. If no preferment, let me but receive
My pay that is behinde, to set me up
A taverne, or a vaulting house; while men love
Or drunkennesse, or lechery, they'l nere fayle me:
Shall I have that?
Iu. Beauf. As our prises are brought in,
Till then you must be patient.
Belg. In the meane time,

How

How shall I doe for cloths?
Iu. Beauf. As most captaines doe
Philosopher like, carry all you have about you.
Belg. But how shall I do to satisfie *Calon Monsieur*,
There lies the doubt.
Iu. Beauf. Thats easily decided,
My fathers tables free for any man
That hath borne armes.
Belg. And theres good store of meat?
Iu. Beauf. Never feare that.
Belg. I'le seeke no other ordinarie then,
But be his daily ghest without invitement,
And if my stomacke hould, Ile feed so heartily
As he shall pay me suddainely to be quit of me.
Iu. Beauf. Tis shee.
Belg. And further,
Iu. Beauf. Away you are troublesome,
Designes of more weight.
Belg. Ha faire *Theocrine*,
Nay if a velvet peticote move in the front
Buffe jerkins must to the rere, I know my manners
This is indeed great businesse, as me a gogawe
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatchd,
And suddainly, or all will goe to wracke. *Exit.*
Charge her home in the flank my Lord, nay I am gone sir, *Belgarde*
Iu. Beauf. Nay pray you Madam rise, or I'l kneele with you.
Page. I would bring you on your knees, were I a woman.
Iu. Beauf. What is it can deserve so poore a name,
As a suite to me? this more then mortall forme
Was fashioned to command and not intreate,
Your will but knowne is served.
Theo. Great Sir, my father
My brave deserving father, but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech.
Iu. Beauf. I understand you,
Without the ayds of those interpreters
That fall from your faire eies, I know you labour,

the libertie of your father, at the leaſt
an equall hearing to acquit himſelfe:
and 'tis not to endeere my ſervice to you,
though I muſt adde and pray you with patience heare it,
'tis hard to be effected, in reſpect
the State's incens'd againſt him: all preſuming
the world of outrages his impious ſonne,
turn'd worſe than Pirat in his cruelties
expres'd to this poore Countrey, could not be
with ſuch eaſe put in execution, if
your father (of late our great Admirall)
held not or correſpondencie, or conniv'd
at his proceedings.

Theoc. And muſt he then ſuffer,
his cauſe unheard?

Beauf. jun. As yet it is reſolv'd ſo,
in their determination. But ſuppoſe,
for I would nouriſh hope, not kill it in you,
I ſhould divert the torrent of their purpoſe,
and render them that are implacable,
impartiall Judges, and not ſway'd with ſpleene:
will you, I dare not ſay in recompence,
for that includes a debt you cannot owe me,
but in your liberall bountie, in my ſuit
to you be gracious?

Theoc. You entreat of me, Sir,
what I ſhould offer to you, with confeſſion
that you much undervalue your owne worth,
ſhould you receive me. Since there come with you
not luſtfull fires, but faire and lawfull flames.
but I muſt be excus'd, 'tis now no time
for me to thinke of Hymenæall joyes.
Can he (and pray you, Sir, conſider it)
that gave me life, and faculties to love,
be, as he is now ready to be devour'd
by ravenous wolves, and at that inſtant, I
but entertaine a thought of thoſe delights.

in which perhaps my ardor meets with yours?
dutie and pietie forbid it, Sir.

Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your father free,
what is your anſwer?

Theoc. Everie minute to me
will be a tedious age till our embraces
re warrantable to the world.

Beauf. jun. I urge no more, confirme it with a kiſſe.

Theoc. I doubly ſeale it.

Uſher. This would doe better a bed, the buſineſſe ended,
hey are the lovingeſt Couple.

Enter Beaufort ſenior, the Governour Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour.

Beauf. jun. Here comes my father
ith the Councell of war, deliver your petition,
d leave the reſt to me.

Beauf. ſen. I am ſorrie, Lady,
our fathers guilt compels your innocence
aske what I in juſtice muſt denie.

Beauf. jun. For my ſake, Sir, pray you receive, and read it.

Beauf. ſen. Thou fooliſh boy, I can deny thee nothing.

Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happie. Madam quit the place,
ou ſhall heare how we ſucceed.

Theoc. Goodneſſe reward you. *Exeunt Theocrine, Uſher, Page, Women.*

Mont. It is apparent, and we ſtay too long
o cenſure *Malefort* as he deſerves.

Cham. There is no colour of reaſon that makes for him:
d he diſcharg'd the truſt committed to him,
ith that experience and fidelitie
e practis'd heretofore, it could not be
ur Navie ſhould be block'd up, and in our ſight
our goods made prize, our Sailors ſold for ſlaves,
y his prodigious iſſue.

Lan. I much grieve,
fter ſo many brave and high atchievements,
e ſhould in one ill forfeit all the good
e ever did his Countrey.

Beauf.

Beauf. ſen. Well, 'tis granted.

Beauf. jun. I humbly thanke you, Sir.

Beauf ſen. He ſhall have hearing,
his irons too ſtrucke off, bring him before us;
but ſeeke no further favour.

Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not. *Exit Beauf. jun.*

Beauf. ſen. Monſieur *Chamont*, *Montaigne*, *Lenour*, aſſiſtants
by a Commiſſion from the moſt Chriſtian King
in puniſhing, or freeing *Maleſort*
our late great Admirall: though I know you need not
inſtructions from me, how to diſpoſe of
your ſelves in this mans triall (that exacts
your cleereſt judgements) give me leave with favour
to offer my opinion: we are to heare him,
a little looking backe on his faire actions,
loyall, and true demeanours, not as now
by the generall voyce, already he's condemn'd.
But if we finde (as moſt beleeve) he hath held
intelligence with his accurſed ſonne,
falne off from all allegeance, and turn'd
(but for what cauſe we know not) the moſt bloudy
and fatall enemie, this Countrey ever
repented to have brought forth, all compaſſion
of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,
we ſit ingag'd to cenſure him with all
extremitie and rigour.

Cha. Your Lordſhip ſhewes us
a path which we will tread in.

Lan. He that leaves
to follow, as you lead, will loſe himſelfe.

Mont. I'le not be ſingular.

Enter Beauſort junior, Montreville, Maleſort ſen.
Belgarde, Officers.

Beauf. ſen. He comes, but with
a ſtrange diſtracted looke.

Mal. ſen. Live I once more
to ſee theſe hands and armes free? theſe, that often

in

In the moſt dreadfull horror of a fight,
Have beene as ſea-markes to teach ſuch as were
Seconds in my attempts, to ſteere betweene
The rocks of too much daring, and pale feare,
To reach the Port of victory? When my ſword,
Advanc'd thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruine
To ſuch as durſt behold it. Theſe the legs
That when our ſhip were grappl'd, carried me
With ſuch ſwift motion from decke to decke,
As they that ſaw it, with amazment cri'd,
He does not runne, but flies.

Monſr. He ſtill retaines
The greatneſſe of his ſpirit.

Mal. ſen. Now crampt with irons,
Hunger, and could, they hardly doe ſupport me.
But I forget my ſelfe. O my good Lords
That ſit there as my judges to determine
The life and death of *Malefort*, where are now
Thoſe ſhouts, thoſe chearefull lookes, thoſe loud applauſes
With which when I return'd loaden with ſpoile
You entertain'd your Admirall? all's forgotten,
And I ſtand here to give accompt for that
Of which I am as free, and innocent
As he that never ſaw the eyes of him,
For whom I ſtand ſuſpected.

Beauf. ſen. Monſieur *Malefort*
Let not your paſſion ſo farre tranſport you,
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envie to your perſon you are queſtion'd,
For doe the ſuppoſitions want weight,
That doe invite us to a ſtrong aſſurance,
Of your ſonne.

Mal. ſen. My ſonne?

Beauf. ſen. Pray you heare with patience, even
Without aſſiſtance, or five aids from you,
Could with the pirates of Argier and Tunis,

ev'n those that you had almost twice defeated,
acquire such credit, as with them to be
made absolute commanders? (pray you observe me)
if there had not some contract past betweene you
that when occasion shew'd you would joyne with 'em
to the ruine of *Marcellus*?

Mont. More, what urg'd
your sonne to turne Apostata?

Cham. Had he from
the State, or Governour, the least neglect
which envie could interpret for a wrong?

Lan. Or if you slept not in your charge, how could
so many ships as doe infest our Coast
and have in our owne Harbor shut our Navie
come in unfought with?

Beauf. jun. They outbrave us hardly to it.

Mal. sen. My Lords, vouchsafe as much brevitie as I can,
I'll answer each particular objection
with which you charge me. The main is grounded, on which
you raise the building of your accusation,
hath reference to my sonne? should I incense him,
or wish in th'agonie of his mortall sicknesse,
lightning had found him in his mothers wombe
you'll say is from the purpose, and this forgetfulnesse
betake him to the Devill, and so leave him.
Did never loyall father but my selfe
beget a treacherous issue? was't in me
with as much ease to fashion up his minde,
as in his generation to forme
the organs to his body? must I follow
because that he is impious, I am false?
I would not boast my actions, yet I am full
to upbraid my benefits to unthankfull men.
Who suncke the Turkish gallies in the Straights?
but *Malefort*? who surpriz'd the French Marchants
when they were boorded, and stowed under hatches
by the Pirats of Argier, who never durst

they did expect to be chain'd to the oare,
but your now doubted Admirall (thus glorified
the aire with shouts of joy, and did proclaime
when hope had left them, and grim-look'd Despaire
hover'd with saile-stretcht wings over their heads,
to me, as to the *Neptune* of the Sea,
they ow'd the restitution of their goods,
their lives, their liberties. O cats in them
be probable, my Lords, that he that never
became the master of a Pirate ship,
but at the maine yard hung the Captaine up,
and caus'd the rest to be thrown over boord,
should after all these proofes of deadly hate,
so oft expres'd against 'em, entertaine
a thought of quarter with 'em, but much lesse
(to the perpetuall ruine of my glories)
to joyne with them to lift a wicked sword
against my mother Countrey, this Marseille,
which with my prodigall expence of blood
I have so oft protected.

Beauf. sen. What you have done
is granted, and applauded, but yet known
this glorious relation of your actions
must not so blinde our judgements, as to passe
this most unnaturall crime you stand accus'd of,
to passe unquestion'd.

Chem. No, you must produce
reasons of more validitie, and weight,
to plead in your defence, or we shall hardly
conclude you innocent.

Mont. The large volume of
your former worthy deeds, with your experience
both what, and when to doe, but makes against you.

Lew. For had your care and courage beene the same
as heretofore, the dangers we are plung'd in
had beene with ease prevented.

Mal. sen. What have I omitted

Omitted in the power of flesh, and bloud,
Even in the birth to strangle the designes
Of this hell-bred wolfe my sonne? alas my Lords,
I am no god, nor like him could foresee
His cruell thoughts, and cursed purposes,
Nor would the sun at my command forbeare
To make his progresse to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath dispresse those foggie mists
Coverde with which, and darkenesse of the night,
Their navie undiscernd, without assistance
Beset our harbor? make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.
But if that nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliverd, can prevaile with you,
To make good my integritie and truth,
Rip up this bosome, and plucke out the heart
That hath beene ever loyall.

Beauf. sen. How! a trumpet!

A trumpet within.

Enquire the cause.

Montravile goes off.

Mal. Thou searcher of mens hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sinnes a while not look'd on)
If I in this am guiltie strike me dead;
Or by some unexpected accident
I am accusd unjustly.

Enter Montravile and a Souldier.

Beauf. sen. Speake the motives
That brings thee hither.

Capt. From our Admirall thus;
He does salute you fairely, and desires
It may be understood no publike hate,
Hath brought him to Marseilles, nor seekes he
The ruine of his countrie, but aimes only
To wreake a private wrong; and if from you
He may have leave, and liberty to decide it
In a single combate, he'll give up good pledges

If he fall in the triall of his right,
Wee shall waigh anchor and no more molest
This towne with hostile armes.
Beauf. sen. Speake to the man,
(If in this presence he appeare to you)
To whom you bring this challenge.
Cap. Tis to you;
Beauf. sen. His father!
Mont. Can it be!
Beauf. jun. Strange and prodigious.
Mal. sen. Thou seest I stand unmoved were thy voice thunder
It should not shake me, say what would the viper?
Cap. The reverence a fathers name may challenge,
And duty of a sonne, no more remembred
He does defie thee to the death.
Mal. sen. Goe on.
Cap. And with his sword will prove it on thy head,
Thou art a murtherer, an Atheist
And that all attributes of men curst sinfull
Cannot expresse thee, this he will make good
If thou darst give him meeting.
Mal. sen. Dare I live,
Dare I when mountaines of my sins orewhelme me
At my last gaspe aske for mercie? how I blesse
Thy comming Captaine, never man to me
Arriv'd so opportunely; and thy message,
However it may seeme to threaten death,
Does yield to mee a second life in curing
My wounded honour, stand I yet suspected
As a confederate with this enemie,
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature
He markes out for destruction? you are just
Immortall powers, and in this merciful,
And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame
For being the father to so bad a sonne,
In that you are pleasd to offer up the monster
To my correction. Blush and repent

As you are bound my honourable Lords
Your ill opinions of me, not great *Brutus*
The father of the Roman liberty
With more assured constancy beheld
His traytor sons, for labouring to call home
The banished Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,
Then I will show when I take backe the life
This prodigie of mankinde receivd from me.

Beauf. sen. We are sory Monsieur *Malefort* for our owne
And are much taken with your resolution
But the disparity of yeares, and strength
Betwen you, and your sonne, duely considerd
We would not so expose you.

Mal. sen. Then you kill me
Under pretence to save me. O my Lords
As you love honour, and a wrongd mans fame
Denie me not this faire, and noble meanes
To make me right againe to all the world:
Should any other but my selfe be chosen
To punish this Apostata with death,
You rob a wretched father of a justice
That to all after times will be recorded,
I wish his strength were oneople, his skill equall
To my experience, that in his fall
He may not shame my victory, I feele
The powers, and spirits of twenty strong men in me,
Were hee with wild fire chrd, I undaunted
Would make way to him, as you doe affect Sir
My daughter *Theocrine*, as you are
My true and ancient friend, as thou art valiant,
And as all love a souldier, second me
In this my just petition, in your lookes
I see a grant my Lord.

Beauf. sen. You shall orebeare me,
And since you are so confident in your cause,
Prepare you for the combate.

Mal. sen. With more joy

Then yet I ever tasted, by the neare ſide,
The diſobedient rebell ſhall be ſeene in me
And ſo returne in ſafety, my good Lords,
To all my ſervice, I will die or punish't.
Rest to Marſellis, nor can I make doubt,
But his impietie is a potent charme,
To edge my ſword and adde ſtrength to my arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundi Scæna prima.

Enter three Sea Captaines.

2. CAPTAINE.

HEE did accept the challenge then?

1. *Cap.* May more,
Was overjoyd in't, and as it had beene
A faire invitement to a ſolemne feaſt,
And not a combate to conclude with death,
He chearefully imbrac'd it.

3. *Cap.* Are the articles
Sign'd to on both parts?

1. *Cap.* At the fathers ſuit,
With much unwillingneſſe the governour
Conſented to 'em.

2. *Cap.* You are knowne with
Our Admirall; could you yet never learne
What the neature of the quarrell is, that renders
The ſonne, more then incenſed, implacable
Against the father?

1. *Cap.* Never; yet I have
As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my beſt curiouſneſſe of care obſerv'd him,
I have fare with him in his cabbin a day together,

Yet,

Yet not a fillable exchang'd between us,
Sigh he did often, as if inward griefe,
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vitall spirits, and now and then
A teare, or two, as in derision of
The toughnesse of his rugged temper would
Fall on his hallow cheekes, which but once fale,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up,
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He would murmure, but yet so as I oft hard him,
We shall meete cruell father, yes we shall,
When i'll exact for every womanish drop
Of sorrow from these eies, a strict accompt
Of much more from thy heart.

2. *Cap.* Tis wondrous strange.

3. *Cap.* And past my apprehension.

1. *Cap.* Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maine top
A sayle's descride, all thoughts that doe concerne
Himselfe layd by, no Lyon pinchd with hunger,
Rowzes himselfe more fiercely from his den,
Then he comes on the deche, and there how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions, we to admiration,
Have beene eye-witnesses, yet he never minds
The bootie when tis made ours, but as if
The danger, in the purchase of the prey
Delighted him much more then the rewarde,
His will made knowne he does retire himselfe
To his private contemplation, no joy
Expressd by him for victory. *Ever Malefort junior.*

2. *Cap.* Heare he comes
But with more chearefull lookes then ever yet
I saw him weare.

Mal. jun. It was long since resolv'd on
Nor must I stagger now, may the cause
That forces mee to this unnaturall act,

Be buried in everlasting silence,
And I finde rest in death, or my revenge,
To either I stand equall. Pray you Gentlemen
Be charitable in your censures of me,
And doe not entertaine a false beleefe
That I am mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when effected, still repented.
It addes to my calamitie that I have
Discourse and reason, and but too well know
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,
But both wayes I am impious. Doe not therefore
Ascribe the perturbation of my soule
To a servile feare of death: I oft have view'd
All kindes of his inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leape
From the cloud-covered browes of a steepe rocke
Into the deepe; or *Curtius*-like to fill up,
For my Countries safetie and an after name,
A bottomlesse Abysse, or charge through fire,
It could not so much shake me, as th'encounter
Of this dayes single enemie.

1. *Cap.* If you please, Sir,
You may shun it, or defer it.

Mal. jun. Not for the world:
Yet two things I entreat you, the first is,
You'll not enquire the difference betweene
My selfe and him, which as a father once
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemie,
The last is, if I fall, to beare my body
Far from this place, and where you please interre it.
I should say more, but by his sudden comming
I am cut off.

Enter Beaufort junior, and Montreville leading in Malefort senior; Belgarde following with others.

Beauf. jun. Let me, Sir, have the honour
To be your second.

Montr. With your pardon, Sir,
I must put in for that, since our tried friendship
Hath lasted from our infancie.
Belg. I have serv'd
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it, and if now
At this downeright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull downe the side.
Mal. sen. I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall finde your pardon, though I now refuse 'em,
For which I'll yeeld strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am suppos'd the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my Seconds sword,
Might write me downe in the blacke list of those,
That have nor fire, nor spirit of their owne;
But dare, and doe, as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valour
They wholly doe depend. Let this suffice
In my excuse for that. Now if you please
On both parts to retire to yonder mount,
Where you, as in a Roman Theater,
May see the bloudy difference determin'd,
Your favours meet my wishes.
Mal. jun. 'Tis approv'd of
By me, and I command you lead the way,
And leave me to my fortune.
Beauf. jun. I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am deni'd
To be an Actor) of each blow, and thrust,
And punctually observe 'em.
Mal. jun. You shall have
All you desire; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertaine the time,
If he give suffrage to it.
Mal. sen. Yes, I will,

I'll heare thee, and then kill thee: nay farewell.

Mal. jun. Embrace with love on both sides, and with no
Leave deadly hate, and furie.

Mal. sen. From this place
You nere shall see both living.

Belg. What's past help, is *They embrace on both sides, and*
Beyond prevention. *take leave severally of the*

Mal. sen. Now we are alone, Sir, *father and sonne.*
And thou hast libertie to unlode the burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speake thy griefes.

Mal. jun. I shall, Sir;
But in a perplext forme and method, which
You onely can interpret; would you had not
A guiltie knowledge in your bosome of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing. As you are my father
I bend my knee, and uncompell'd professe
My life, and all thats mine, to be your gift;
And that in a sonnes dutie I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safetie.
But this confest on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, feare, and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speake,
And in the action chang'd the humble shape
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd me
To run my Barke of honour on a shelfe,
I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and lookes backward,
And mankinde trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would flie from. For when I advance
This sword, as I must doe against your head,
Pietie will weepe, and filiall dutie mourne,
To see their altars which you built up in me,

In a moment raz'd and ruin'd, that you could
(From my griev'd ſoule I wiſh it) but produce
To qualifie, not excuſe your deed of horror,
One ſeeming reaſon that I might fix here,
And move no farther.
Mal. ſen. Have I ſo far loſt
A fathers power, that I muſt give account
Of my actions to my ſonne? or muſt I plead
As a feareſull priſoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me ſits a Judge
To cenſure that, which onely by my ſelfe
Ought to be queſtion'd? mountaines ſooner fall
Beneath their vallies, and the loftie Pine
Pay homage to the Bramble, or what elſe is
Prepoſterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one ſhort fillable yeelds ſatisfaction
To any doubt of thine, nay though it were
A certaintie diſdaining argument.
Since though my deeds wore Hels blacke liverie,
To thee they ſhould appeare triumphall robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To ſee with my eyes, and to hold that reaſon,
That takes or birth or faſhion from my will.
Mal. jun. This ſword divides that ſlaviſh knot.
Mal. ſen. It cannot,
It cannot wretch, and if thou but remember
From whom thou hadſt this ſpirit, thou dar'ſt not hope it.
Who train'd thee up in armes but I? Who taught thee
Men were men onely when they durſt looke downe
With ſcorne on death and danger, and contemn'd
All oppoſition, till plum'd victorie
Had made her conſtant ſtand upon their helmets?
Under my ſhield thou haſt fought as ſecurely
As the young Eglet, covered with the wings
Of her fierce Dam, learnes how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weake and womaniſh, thine owne.

And what I gave, ſince thou art proud, ungratefull,
Preſuming to contend with him, to whom
Submiſſion is due, I will take from thee.
Looke therefore for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a ſonne, but kill thee
As a Serpent ſwolne with poyſon, who ſurviving
A little longer, with infectious breath,
Would render all things neere him, like itſelfe
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
Ten thouſand virgins kneeling at my feet,
And with one generall crie howling for mercie,
Shall not redeeme thee.

Mal. jun. Thou incenſed Power,
A while forbeare thy thunder, let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother.

Mal. ſen. Thou ſhalt never name her more. *Above Beauf. jun.*

Beauf. They are at it. *Montr. Belg. the three Sea Cops.*

2. *Cap.* That thruſt was put ſtrongly home.

Montr. But with more ſtrength avoyded.

Belg. Well come in,
He has drawne bloud of him yet, well done old Cocke.

1. *Cap.* That was a ſtrange miſſe,

Beauf. jun. That a certaine hit.

Belg. Hee's ſlaine, the day is ours. *Young Maloſorts ſlaine.*

2. *Cap.* The Admiral's ſlaine.

Montr. The father is victorious!

Belg. Let us haſte
To gratulate his conqueſt.

1. Wee to mourne
The fortune of the ſonne.

Beauf. jun. With utmoſt ſpeed
Acquaint the Governour with the good ſucceſſe,
That he may entertaine to his full merit,
The father of his Countries peace and ſafetie. *They depart.*

Mal. ſen. Were a new life hid in each mangled limbe,
I would ſearch, and finde it. And howere to ſome

I may seeme cruell, thus to tyrannize
Upon this sensleſſe flesh, I glorie in it.
That I have power to be unnaturall,
Is my securitie, die all my feares,
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Beene my tormentors, theres now no suspition;
A fact, which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discover'd, or the cause
That call'd this Duell on. I being above
All perturbations, nor is it in
The power of Fate, againe to make me wretched.

Enter Beaufort jun. Montreville. Belgarde, the three Sea Captaines.

Beauf. jun. All honour to the Conqueroar.
Who dares tax
My friend of treacherie now?

Belg. I am verie glad, Sir,
You have sped so well. But I must tell you thus much,
To put you in minde that a low ebbe must follow
Your high swolne tide of happinesse, you have purchast this
nour at a high price.

Mal. sen. 'Tis *Belgarde*,
Above all estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot favour
Of arrogance: that to this arme and sword,
Marsellis owes the freedome of her feares,
Or that my loyaltie not long since eclips'd,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
to be lamented. Though indeed they may
Appeare too dearely bought, my falling glories
Being made up againe, and cemented
With a sonnes bloud. 'Tis true, he was my sonne
While he was worthy, but when he shooke off
His dutie to me, (which my fond indulgence
Upon submission might perhaps have pardon'd)
And grew his Countries enemie, I look'd on him
As a Stranger to my family, and a Traytor

Justly proscrib'd, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censur'd rugged and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or teare
Vpon his slaughter'd body. But I rest
Well satisfi'd in my selfe, being assur'd
That extraordinarie vertues, when they soare
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd
For most remarkable vices.

Beauf. Tis too true, Sir,
In the opinion of the multitude:
But for my selfe that would be held your friend,
And hope to know you by a nearer name,
They are as they deserve, receiv'd.

Mal. My daughter
Shall thanke you for the favour.

Beauf. jun. I can wish
No happinesse beyond it.

1. *Cap.* Shall we have leave
To beare the corps of our dead Admirall,
As he enjoyn'd us from this Coast?

Mal. Provided
The articles agreed on be observ'd,
And you depart hence with it, making oath
Never hereafter but as friends to touch
Vpon this shore.

1. *Cap.* Wee'll faithfully performe it.

Mal. Then as you please dispose of it. 'Tis an object
That I could wish remov'd. His sins die with him,
So far he has my charitie.

1. *Cap.* He shall have
A Souldiers funerall.

The Sea Captaines beare the body off with sad musicke.

Mal. Farewell.

Beauf. jun. These rites
Paid to the dead, the Conquerour that survives
Must reape the harvest of his bloudy labour.

Sound

Sound all loud inſtruments of joy and triumph,
And with all circumſtance, and ceremonie
Wait on the Patron of our libertie,
Which he at all parts merits.
Mal. I am honour'd.
Beyond my hopes.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis ſhort of your deſerts.
Lead on: Oh Sir you muſt: you are too modeſt.
Exeunt with loud muſicke.

Actus ſecundi Scæna ſecunda.
Theocrine, Page, Women.

Theoc. Talke not of comfort, I am both wayes wretched,
And ſo diſtracted with my doubts and feares,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loſſe
Is certaine in a father, or a brother,
Or both, ſuch is the crueltie of my fate,
And not to be avoyded.
1. *Wom.* You muſt beare it
With patience, Madam.
2. *Wom.* And what's not in you
To be prevented, ſhould not cauſe a ſorrow
Which cannot help it.
Page. Feare not my brave Lord
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our moderne Duellists how to cleave a button,
And in a new way, never yet found out
By old *Caranza.*
1. *Wom.* May he be victorious,
And puniſh diſobedience in his ſonne,
Whoſe death in reaſon ſhould at no part move you,
He being but halfe your brother, and the neerneſſe,
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious purpoſe to kill him, from whom
He receiv'd life. *A ſhout within.*

2. *Wom.*

2. *Wom.* A generall ſhout:
1. *Wom.* Of joy.
Page. Looke up deare Lady, ſad newes never came
ſherd with loud applauſe. *Enter Uſher.*
Theo. I ſtand prepard,
o indure the ſhocke of it.
Uſh. I am out of breath
ith running to deliver firſt.
Theo. What?
Uſh. Wee are all made,
y Lord has wont the day, your brother's ſlaine,
he pirats gone, and by the governour,
nd ſtates, and all the men of war he is
ought home in triumph, nay no muſing, pay me
r my good newes hereafter.
Theo. Heaven is juſt!
Uſh. Give thankes at leaſure, make all haſt to meete him
ouldſe wiſh I were a horſe that I might beare you
o him upon my backe.
Page. Thou art an aſſe,
nd this is a ſweete burthen.
Uſh. Peace you crackrope. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundi Scæna tertia.

Loud muſicke, Montreville, Belgarde, Beaufort junior, Beaufort ſenior, Malefort, followed by Montaigne, Chamont Lamour.

Beauf. ſen. All honours we can give you and rewards
Though all that's rich, or pretious in Marſellis
Were layd downe at your feet, can hold no waight
With your deſervings, let me glory in
Your action as if it were mine owne,
And have the honour with the armes of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed,

Transcending all this Countrey ere could boast of.
Mont. Imagine, noble Sir, in what we may
Expresse our thankfulnesse, and rest assur'd
It shall be freely granted.
Cham. Hee's an enemie
To goodnesse and to vertue, that dares thinke
There's any other thing within our power to give,
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.
Lan. And as your owne, for we will ever be
At your devotion.
Mol. Much honour'd Sir,
And you my noble Lords, I can say onely,
The greatnesse of your favours overwhelme me,
And like too large a saile, for the small barke
Of my poore merits, sinks me. That I stand
Vpright in your opinions, is an honour
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in dutie I stood bound to:
And to expect a recompence were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberall bounties tell me that
I may with your allowance be a Suitor,
To you my Lord I am an humble one,
And must aske that, which knowne, I feare you will
Censure me over-bold.
Beauf. sen. It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it finde from me
Denyall or delay.
Mol. Thus then my Lord,
Since you encourage me: You are happie in
A worthy sonne, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me is one daughter; now
If it may not appeare too much presumption,
To seeke to match my lowenesse with your height,
I should desire (and if I may obteine it,
I write *Nil ultra* to my largest hopes)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy

T

To be receiv'd into your family,
And married to your sonne: their yeares are equall,
And their desires I thinke too, she is not
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,
And if you thinke me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I doe aspire to.

Beauf. jun. You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtaine from you.
O Sir, why are you slow to meet so faire
And noble an offer? Can France shew a virgin
That may be parallel'd with her? Is she not
The Phœnix of the time? the faireſt star
In the bright sphere of women?

Beauf. sen. Be not rap'd so:
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so neere concernes me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgement.

Enter Usher, Theocrine, Page, Women.

Beauf. jun. Here she comes,
Looke on her with impartiall eyes, and then
Let envie if it can, name one grac'd feature
In which she is defective.

Mal. Welcome Girle:
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victorie
In such a sable habit? this shew'd well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyaltie are admir'd,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to expresse the joy you feele within;
Nor should you with more curiousnesse and care,
Pace to the Temple to be made a Bride,
Than now, when all mens eyes are fixt upon you,
You should appeare to entertaine the honour
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equall share.

Theo. Heaven has my thankes
With all humility payd for your faire fortune,
And ſo farre duty bindes me, yet a little
To mourne a brothers loſſe however wicked,
The tendernesſe familiar to our ſex
May if you pleaſe excuſe
Mal. Thou art deceiv'd.
Hee living was a blemiſh to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament, and luſtre
To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquiſitly rare, that they admit not
The leaſt addition. Hā! heres yet a print
Of a ſad teare on thy cheeke, how it takes from
Our preſent happineſſe! with a fathers lips,
A loving fathers lips, i'll kiſſe it off
The cauſe no more remembred.
Theo. You forget Sir
The preſence we are in.
Mal. Tis well conſidered,
And yet who is the owner of a treaſure,
Above all valew, but without offence,
May glory in the glad poſſeſſion of it.
Nor let it in you excellence beget wonder,
Or any here that looking on the daughter,
I feaſt my ſelfe in the imagination
Of thoſe ſweet pleaſures, and allowd delights,
I taſted from the mother, who ſtill lives
In this her perfit modell, for ſhe had
Such ſmooth & high archd browes, ſuch ſparkling eies
Whoſe every glance ſtord *Cupids* emptied quiver;
Such ruby lips, and ſuch a lovely browne,
Diſdaining all adulterate ayds of art,
Kep'd a perpetuall ſpring upon her face,
As death himſelfe lamented being forc'd
To blaſt it with his paleneſſe, and if now,
Her brightnes dimd with ſorrow, take and pleaſe you,
Think think young Lord, when ſhe appeares her ſelfe

(This vayle remov'd) in her owne naturall pureneſſe
How farre ſhe will tranſport you.
Beauf. jun. Did ſhe need it,
The praiſe which you (and well deſerv'd) give to her
Muſt of neceſſity raiſe new deſires
In one indebted more to yeares; to me
Your words are but as oyle powr'd on a fire,
That flames already at the height.
Mal. No more;
I doe believe you, and let me from you
Finde ſo much credit, when I make her yours
I doe poſſeſſe you of a gift, which I
With much unwillingneſſe part from. My good Lords
Forbeare your further trouble, give me leave, for on the ſuddaine I
am indiſpoſd to retire to my owne houſe, and reſt. To morrow
As you command me I will be your gheſt,
And having deckt my daughter like her ſelfe,
You ſhall have farther conference.
Beauf. ſin. You are Maſter
Of your owne will but fayle not I'll expect you. *To young Beaufort and the reſt.*
Mal. Nay I will be excuſd; I muſt part with you
My deareſt *Theocrine* give me thy hand,
I will ſupport thee.
Theo. You gripe it too hard Sir.
Mal. Indeed I doe, but have no farther end in it,
But love and tenderneſſe ſuch as I may challenge
And you muſt grant. Thou art a ſweet one yes
And to be cheriſhed.
Theo. May I ſtill deſerve it. *They goe off ſeveral wayes*

Actus tertii Scæna prima.

Enter Beaufort senior, Servant.

Beaufort senior.

HAve you beene carefull?

Serv. With my best endevours,
Let them bring stomacks, theres no want of meat Sir:
Portly and curious viands are prepar'd,
To please all kindes of appetites.

Beauf. sen. Tis well.
I love a table furnisht with full plentie,
And store of friends to eat it, but with this caution,
I would not have my house a common Inne,
For some men that come rather to devoure me,
Than to present their service. At this time too
It being a serious and solemne meeting,
I must not have my board pester'd with shadowes,
That under other mens protection breake in
Without invitement.

Serv. With your favour then,
You must double your gard, my Lord, for on my knowledge
There are some so sharpe set, not to be kept out
By a file of Muskeeters. And 'tis lesse danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike
With an enemie in a breach, that undermin'd too,
And the Cannon playing on it, than to stop
One Harpie, your perpetuall ghest, from entrance,
When the dresser, the Cookes drum, thunders come on,
The service will be lost else.

Beauf. sen. What is hee?

Serv. As tall a trencher-man, that is most certaine,
As ere demolisht Pie-fortification
As soone as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly

Were

Were not made up of a much tougher ſtuffe
Than his Buffe jerkin, there were no defence
Againſt the charge of his guts: you needs muſt know him,
He's eminent for his eating.

Beauf. ſen. O *Belgarde!*

Serv. The ſame, one of the Admirals caſt Captaines,
Who ſweare, there being no war, nor hope of any,
The onely drilling is to eat devoutly,
And to be ever drinking, (that's allow'd of)
But they know not where to get it, there's the ſpice on't.

Beauf. ſen. The more their miſerie, yet if you can
For this day put him off.

Serv. It is beyond th'invention of man.

Beauf. ſen. No: ſay this onely, *Whiſpers to him.*
And as from me; you apprehend me?

Serv. Yes Sir.

Beauf. ſen. But it muſt be done gravely.

Serv. Never doubt me Sir.

Beauf. ſen. We'll dine in the great roome, but let the muſick
And banquet be prepar'd here. *Exit Beauf. ſen.*

Serv. This will make him
Loſe his dinner at the leaſt, and that will vex him.
As for the ſweet meats, when they are trod under foot,
Let him take his ſhare with the Pages and Lacqueyes,
Or ſcramble in the ruſhes.

Enter Belgarde.

Belg. Tis neere twelve,
I keepe a watch within me never miſſes.
Save thee Maſter Steward.

Serv. You are moſt welcome, Sir.

Belg. Has thy Lord ſlept well to night? I come to enquire.
I had a fooliſh dreame, that againſt my will
Carried me from my lodging, to learne onely
How he's diſpos'd.

Serv. He's in moſt perfect health, Sir.

Belg. Let me but ſee him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll beleeve ſo too, for from that ever

I make

I make a certaine iudgement.
Serv. It holds ſurely
In your owne conſtitution.
Belg. And in all mens
Tis the beſt ſymptome, let us looſe no time,
Delay is dangerous.
Serv. Troth Sir if I might
Without offence deliver what my Lord has
Committed to my truſt, I ſhall receive it
As a ſpeciall favour.
Belg. Weell ſee't, and diſcourſe
As the proverbe ſayes for health ſake after dinner,
Or rather after ſupper, willingly then
I'll walke a mile to here thee.
Serv. Nay good Sir
I will be briefe and pithee.
Belg. Prethee be ſo.
Serv. Hee bid me ſay of all his gheſts, that he
Stands moſt affected to you, for the freedome,
And plainneſſe of your maners. He ne're obſerv'd you
To twirle a diſh about, you did not like of
All being pleaſing to you; or to take
A ſay of veniſon, or ſtale fowle by your noſe,
(Which is a ſoleciſme at anothers table)
But by ſtrong eating of 'em did confirme
They never were delitious to your palat,
But when they were mortifi'd, as the Hugonot ſayes,
And ſo your part growes greater, nor doe you
Find fault with the ſawce, keen hunger being the beſt,
Which ever to your much praiſe, you bring with you;
Nor will you with impertinent relations
Which is a maſter-peece, when meates before you
Forget your teeth to uſe your nimble tongue
But doe the feate you come for.
Belg. Be adviſ'd
And end your jeering; for if you proceede
You'll feele, as I can eate I can be angrie,

And

And beating may infue.

Serv. I'll take your counfell,
And roundly come to the point, my Lord much wonders
That you, that are a courtier as a ſouldier,
In all things elſe, and every day can vary
Your actions and diſcourſe, continue conſtant
To this one ſuite?

Belg. To one? tis well I have one,
Unpawnd, in theſe dayes, every caſt commander is not bleſt with the fortune, I aſſure you, but why this queſtion? does this offend him?

Serv. Not much: but he believes it is the reaſon,
You here preſume to ſit above the ſalt,
And therefore this day (our great Admirall
With other ſtates being invited gheſts)
He does intreate you to appeare among 'em,
In ſome freſh habit.

Belg. This ſtaffe ſhall not ſerve
To beat the dogge off, theſe are ſouldiers garments,
And ſo by conſequence grow contemptible.

Serv. It has ſtung him.

Belg. I would I were aquainted with the players,
In charity they might furniſh me, but there is
No faith in Brokers, and for believing Taylors
They are only to be read of, but not ſeene,
And ſure they are confinde to their owne hells,
And there they live inviſible, well I muſt not
Be fubd off thus, pray you report my ſervice
To the Lord governour. I will obey him
And though my wardrop's poore, rather then looſe
His company at this feaſt, I will put on
The richeſt ſuite I have, and fill the chaire,
That makes me worthy of —— *Exit Belgarde.*

Serv. We are ſhut of him, he will be ſeene no more here, how
Will bleſſe me for his abſence, he had ſtarv'd em (my fellowes
Had he ſtayd a little longer, would he good,
For his owne ſake ſhift a ſhirt, and thats the utmoſt

Of his ambition, adew good Captaine —— Exit.

Enter Beaufort Sen. and Beaufort jun.

Beauf. sen. Tis a strange fondnesse.

Beauf. jun. Tis beyond example,
His resolution to part with his estate,
To make her dower the waighter is nothing.
But to observe how curious he is
In his owne person to adde ornament
To his daughters ravishing features, is the wonder.
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship,
This morning to her to present my service,
From whom I understand all: there he found him
Sollicitous in what shape she should appeare,
This gowne was rich, but the fashion ttale, the other
Was quaint, and neate, but the stuffe not rich enough,
Then does he curse the Taylor, and in rage
Falls on her Shoomaker, for wanting art
To expresse in every circumstance, the former
Of her most delicate foote, then sits in counsell
With much deliberation to finde out
What tire would best adorne her; and one chosen
Varying in his opinion, he teares off
And stamps it under foot, then tries a second
A third and fourth, and satisfied at length
With much a doe in that, he growes agen
Perplexd and troubl'd where to place her Jewells
To be most mark'd, and whether she should weare
This diamond on her forehead, or betweene
Her milke-white paps, disputing on it both wayes,
Then taking in his hand, a rope of pearle,
(The best of France) he seriously considers
Whither she should dispose it on her arme
Or on her necke, with 20 other trifles, too tedious to deliver.

Beauf. sen. I have knowne him from his first youth, but never yet
In all the passages of his life, and fortunes, observ'd
Vertues so mix'd with vices, valiant the world speakes him,
But, with that bloody, liberall in his gifts too

But to maintaine his prodigall expence,
A fierce extortioner, an impotent lover
Of women for a flash, but his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly, the truth is I am not
Ambitious of this match nor will I crosse you in your affections.

Beauf. jun. I have ever found you,
(And tis my happinesse) a loving father,
And carefull of my good: ——— by the loud suffrage,
As you gave order for his entertainment,
He's come into the house two long houres since,
The Colonels, commissioners and captaines,
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,
Went to waye on him hither.

Lead me Sir.

Enter Malefort, Montaigne, Chaumont, Lavour, Montreville, Theocrine, Usher, Page, Women.

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome,
And what I speake to you, does from My heart
disperse it selfe to all.

Mal. You meet my Lord your trouble.

Beauf. sen. Rather Sir increase of honour,
When you are pleas'd to grace my house.

Beauf. jun. The Favour is double'd on my part, most worthy Sir,
Since your faire daughter, my incompareable Mistresse,
Daines us her presence.

Mal. View her well brave *Beaufort*,
But yet at distance, you hereafter may
Make your approaches neerer, when the priest
Hath made it lawfull, and were not shee mine,
I durst alowd proclaime it. *Hymen* never
Put on his saffron coloured robe to change
A barren virgin name with more good omens,
Then at her nuptialls, looke on her again,
Then tell me if she now appeare the same
That she was yesterday.

Beauf. sen. Being her selfe
She cannot but be excellent, these rich
And curious dressings, which in other maides

Cover deformities, from her take lustre
Nor can adde to her.
Mal. You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her sweetnesse,
You only can deserve her; blush not girle,
Thou art above his praise, or mine, nor can
Obsequious flattery though she should use
Her thousand oyles to paint to advance thy worth,
Give ought (for thats impossible) but take from
Thy more then humane graces, and even then
When shee hath spent her selfe with her best strength,
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,
That loosing her owne servile shape and name,
She will be thought destraction, but I
Forget my selfe, and something whispers to me,
I have said too much.
Mont. I know not what to thinke on't,
But there's some mystery in it, which I feare
Will be too soone discover'd.
Mal. I much wrong
Your patience noble Sir, by too much hugging
My proper issue, and like the foolish crow
Believe my blacke brood fairest.
Beauf. sen. There needes not Sir
The least excuse for this, nay I must have
Your arme, you being the master of the feast,
And this the mistris.
Theo. I am any thing
That you shall please to make mee.
Beauf. jun. Nay tis yours
Without more complement. *Lend mysticke.*

Exeunt Beaufort senior, Malefort, Theodine, Beaufort jun
Montaigne, Chamont, Exeunt, Montravill.

Mont. Your will's a law sir.
Usb. Would I had beene borne a Lord!
1. *Wom.* Or I a Lady.
Page. It may be you single bord begot in court,

Though bred up in the Citie, for your mothers,
As I have heard lov'd the lobbie, and there nightly
Are seen strange apparitions, and who knowes
But that some noble fawne, heated with wine,
And cloyde with partridge, had a kinde of longing
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposition.
But can you yeeld a reason for your wishes?

Vsh. Why had I beene borne a Lord, I had beene no servant.

1. *Wom.* And where as now necessity makes us wayters,
We had been attended on.

2. *Wom.* And might have slept then,
As long as we pleas'd, and fed when we had stomackes,
And worne new cloths, nor liv'd as now in hope
Of a cast gowne, or petticote.

Page. You are fooles,
And ignorant of your happinesse, ere I was
Sworne to the pantofle, I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logicke, that a servants life
Was better then his masters, and by that
I learne from him, if that my memory faile not,
I'll make it good.

Vsh. Proceed my little wit.
In decimo sexto.

Page. Thus then from the king
To the beggar, by gradation all are servants,
And you must grant the slavery is lesse
To studie to please one, then many.

Vsh. True.

Page. Well then, and first to you Sir, you complaine
You serve one Lord, but your Lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions (that are his worst masters)
You must humor him, and he is bound to sooth
Every grimme Sir above him, if he frowne,
For the least neglect you feare to loose your place,
But if, and with all slavish observation,
From the minions selfe, to the groome of his close stoole,
He hourly seekes not favour, he is sure

To be eas'd of his office, though perhaps he bought it,
Nay more, that high diſpoſer of all ſuch
That are ſubordinate to him, ſerves, and feares
The fury of the many-headed monſter,
The giddy multitude. And as a horſe
Is ſtill a horſe, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchas'd titles, at their beſt are
But ſerving-men in rich liveries.

Uſh. Moſt rare infant,
Where learnd'ſt thou this morality?

Page. Why thou dull pate,
As I could thee, of my tutor.

2. *Wom.* Now for us boy,

Page. I am out of the governour.

Enter Beaufort ſen. Beaufort junior, Servants ſetting forth a banquet.

Beauf. ſen. Quicke, quicke ſirs,
See all things pertit.

Serv. Let the blame be ours elſe.

Beauf. ſen. And as I ſaid when we are at the banquet,
And high in our cups, for tis no feaſt without it,
Eſpecially among ſouldiers: *Theocrine*
Being retir'd, as that's no place for her,
Take you occaſion to riſe from the table,
And loſe no opportunity.

Beauf. jun. Tis my purpoſe,
And if I can winne her to give her heart,
I have a holy man in readineſſe
To joyne our hands, for the Admirall her father repents him of his grant to me, and
So far tranſported with a ſtrange opinion
of her faire features, that ſhould we delire it,
I thinke ere long he will believe, and ſtrongly,
The Daulphine is not worthy of her, I
Am much amazd with't.

Exeunt Beaufort ſen.

Beauf. ſen. Nay diſpatch there fellowes. *Beaufort junior.*

Serv. We are ready when you pleaſe, ſweet formes your pardon,
It has beene ſuch a buſy time I could not

Tender

Tender that ceremonious reſpect
Which you deſerve, but now the great worke ended,
I will attend the leſſe, and with all care
Obſerve, and ſerve you.
Page. This is a pend ſpeech,
And ſerves as a perpetuall preface to
A dinner made of fragments.
Vſh. Wee wayt on you. *Loud Muſicke.*

Actus tertii, Scæna tertia.

Beaufort ſenior, Malefort, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Beaufort, junior, Montreuile, Servants.

BEAVFORT SENIOR.

YOU are not merry Sir.
Mal. Yes my good Lord,
You have given us ample meanes to drowne all cares,
And yet I nouriſh ſtrange thoughts, which I would *Aſide.*
Moſt willingly deſtroy
Beauf. ſen. Pray you take your place,
Beauf. jun. And drink a health, and let it be if you pleaſe
To the worthieſt of Women, now obſerve him.
Mal. Give mee the bowle, ſince you doe me the honour,
I will beginne it.
Cham. May wee know her name Sir?
Mal. You ſhall, I will not chooſe a forraigne Queene,
Nor yet our owne, for that would reliſh of
Tame flattery; nor doe their height of title,
Or abſolute power confirme their worth and goodneſſe,
Theſe being heavens gifts and frequently conferr'd
On ſuch as are beneath em; nor will I
Name the king Miſtreſſe howſoever ſhee
In his eſteeme may carry it, but if I,
As wine gives liberty, may uſe my freedome;

Not

Not swayd this way, or that with confidence,
(And I will make it good on any equall)
If it must be to her, whose outward forme
Is better'd by the beauty of her minde,
She lives not that with justice can pretend
An interest to this so sacred health,
But my faire daughter. He that only doubts it,
I doe pronounce a villain, this to her then. *Drinkes.*
Mont. What may we thinke of this? *Loud musicke.*
Beauf. sen. It matters not.
Law. For my part I will sooth him rather then
Draw on a quarrell, *Chamont.*
Mont. Tis the safest course, and one I mean to follow.
Beauf. jun. It has gone round Sir. *Exit Beaufort junior.*
Mal. Now you have done her right, if there be any
Worthy to second this, propose it bouldly,
I am your pledge.
Beauf. sen. Lets pause here if you please,
And entertaine the time with something else,
Musicke there in some lofty straine, the song too
That I gave order for; the new one cald
The souldiers delight?
The song ended: enter Belgarde in armour a case of Carbines by his side.
Belg. Who stops mee now?
Or who dares only say that I appeare not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man compleate? what court so set off
With state and ceremonious pompe, but thus
Accoutred I may enter? or what feast
Though all the elements at once were ransack'd,
To store it with varietie transcending
The curiousnesse, and cost, on Traians birth day,
(Where princes only, and confederat kings
Did sit as ghests, serv'd, and attended on
By the senators of Rome, sat with a souldier
In this his naturall, and proper shape
Might not and bouldly fill a seat, and by

His

His present make the great solemnity
More honour'd and remarkeable?
Beauf. sen. Tis acknowledg'd,
And this a grace done to me unexpected.
Mont. But why in armor?
Mal. What's the mysterie?
Pray you reveale that.
Belg. Souldiers out of action,
That very rare, but like unbidden ghests
Bring their stooles with em, for their owne defence,
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have
Their fingers cut else; there your carpet knights,
That never charg'd beyond a mistresse lips,
Are still most keene, and valiant, but to you
Whom it does most concern, my Lord, I will
Addresse my speech, and with a souldiers freedome
In my reproofe returne the bitter scoffe,
You threw upon my poverty, you contemn'd
My courser outside, and from that concluded
(As by your grooms you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table,
Among these tiffues, and imbroideries,
Unlesse I chang'd my habit, I have done it,
And show my selfe in that which I have worne
In the heate and fervor of a bloody fight,
And then it was in fashion, not as now
Ridiculous, and despis'd, this hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet scornd to take impression from their fury
With this, as still you see it fresh and new
I have charg'd through fire that would have sing'd your sables
Blacke fox, and ermine, and chang'd the proud colour
Of Skarlet though of the right Tirian die;
But now as if the trappings made the man, such only are
Admir'd that come adorn'd
With what's no part of them, this is mine owne
My richest suit, a suite I must not part from,

But not regarded now, and yet remember
Tis we that bring you in the meanes of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which when you possesse,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industrie reap'd, and sow'd for you.
The silks you weare, we with our blood spin for you;
This massie plate, that with the ponderous weight
Does make your cupboods crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadfull monsters of the deepe, that wait
With open jawes still ready to devoure us)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then
In after ages to your shame be spoken,
That you with no relenting eye looke on
Our wants that feed your plenties; or consume
In prodigall, and wanton gifts on Drones
The Kingdomes treasure, yet deraine from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,
We have made you stand ingag'd for: or force us
Against all civill government in armour
To require that, which with all willingnesse
Should be tender'd, ere demanded.

Beauf. sen. I commend
This wholsome sharpnesse in you, and prefer it
Before obsequious tamenesse, it shewes lovely:
Nor shall the raine of your good counsell fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit
Such as you long have wisht for. And the rest
Of your profession like you discontented
For want of meanes, shall in their present payment
Be bound to praise your boldnesse: and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change to put your armour on
But in the face of an enemie; not as now
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,

To furnish you like your selfe, of mine owne bounde
I'll adde five hundred crownes.
Cham. I to my power
Will follow the example.
Mont. Take this Captaine,
Tis all my present store, but when you please,
Command me further.
Lan. I could wish it more.
Belg. This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.
Let a Souldier use no other Scribe to draw
The forme of his petition. This will speed
When your thrice humble supplications,
With prayers for encrease of health and honours
To their grave Lordships shall as soone as read
Be pocketted up, the cause no more remembred.
When this dumb Rhetorique——Well, I have a life,
Which I in thankfulnesse for your great favours,
My noble Lords, when you please to command it,
Must never thinke mine owne. Broker, be happie,
These golden birds flie to thee. *Exit Belgarde.*
Beauf. sen. You are dull, Sir,
And seeme not to be taken with the passage
You saw presented.
Mal. Passage? I observ'd none,
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,
If speedily I come not to her rescue,
For so my *Genius* tels me.
Montr. What *Chimera's*
Worke on your phantasie?
Mal. Phantasies? They are truths.
Where is my *Theorine?* You have plotted
To rob me of my Daughter; bring me to her,
Or I'll call downe the Saints to witnesse for me:
You are inhospitable.
Beauf. sen. You amaze me.
Your Daughter's safe; and now enchanting courtship

With my sonne her servant, why doe you heare this
With such distracted lookes? since to that end
You brought her hither?

Mal. Tis confess'd I did,
But now pray you pardon me, and if you please
Ere she deliver up her virgin fort,
I would observe what is the art he uses
In planting his artillery against it,
She is my only care, nor must she yield
But upon noble termes.

Beauf. sen. Tis so determind.

Ma. Yet I am jealous.

Mont. Overmuch I feare.
What passions are these?

Beauf. sen. Come I will bring you
Where you, with these if they so please, may see
The love-scene acted.

Montre. There is something more
Then fatherly love in this.

Monta. We will upon you.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus tertij Scena Vltima.

Beaufort jun. Hecrine.

Beauf. jun. Since when you meet my flames with equall order
As you professe, it is your bounty in the same,
Nor must I call it debt, yet tis your glory,
That your excesse supplies my want, and makes mee
Strong in my weakenesse, which could never be,
But in your good opinion.

Theo. You teach me Sir,
What I should say, since from your fund of favour,
I like dimme Phœbe, in her full obscure,
Borrow that light I have.

Beauf. jun. Which you returne
With large increase (since that you will so call it)
And I dare not [illegible]
Your Daughter's [illegible]

To make what's yet divided one.
Theo. I have
Already in my wishes, modesty
Forbids me to speake more.
Beauf. jun. but what assurance,
(But still without offence) may I demand
That may secure me that your heart and tongue
Joyne to make up this harmonie?
Theo. Choose any
Suiting your love distinguished from lust,
To aske and mine to grant.
Enter (as unseene) Beaufort Senior, Malefort, Montreuill, and the rest.
Beauf. sen. Yonder they are.
Mal. At distance too, to yet well.
Beauf. jun. I may take then
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,
Sweare tis the anchor to my hopes?
Theo. You may Sir.
Mal. This is somewhat too much.
Beauf. jun. And this done, view my selfe
In these true mirrors.
Theo. Ever trew to you Sir,
And may they loose th'abilitie of sight,
When they seeke other object.
Mal. This is more
Then *I* can give consent to.
Beauf. jun. And a kisse,
Thus printed on your lips will not distast you?
Mal. Her lips!
Montre. Why where should he kisse? are you distracted?
Beauf. jun. Then when this holy man hath made it lawfull,
Enters a Priest.
Mal. A priest so ready too! I must breake in.
Beauf. jun. And what's spoke here is registred above,
I must ingrosse those favours to my selfe
Which are not to be nam'd.
Theo. All I can give,

But what they are I know not.
Beauf. jun. I'll inſtruct you.
Mal. O how my bloud boyles!
Montr. Pray you containe your ſelfe,
Me thinkes his courtſhip's modeſt.
Beauf. jun. Then being mine,
And wholly mine, the river of your love
To kinſmen and allies, nay to your father,
(Howere out of his tenderneſſe he admires you)
Muſt in the Ocean of your affection
To me be ſwallow'd up, and want a name
Compar'd with what you owe me.
Theoc. Tis moſt fit, Sir,
The ſtronger bond that binds me to you, muſt
Diſſolve the weaker.
Mal. I am ruin'd if
I come not fairely off.
Beauf. ſen. Theres nothing wanting
But your conſent.
Mal. Some ſtrange invention aid me. *Aſide.*
This! yes, it muſt be ſo.
Montr. Why doe you ſtagger,
When what you ſeem'd ſo much to wiſh is offerd?
Beauf. jun. Both parties being agreed to.
Beauf. ſen. I'll not court
A grant from you, nor doe I wrong your Daughter,
Though I ſay my ſonne deſerves her.
Mal. Tis far from
My humble thoughts to undervalue him
I cannot prize too high. For howſoever
From my owne fond indulgence I have ſung
Her praiſes with too prodigall a tongue,
That tenderneſſe laid by, I ſtand confirmd
All that I fancied excellent in her
Ballanc'd, with what is really his owne,
Holds waight in no proportion.
Montr. New turnings!

Beauf.

Beauf. sen. Whither tends this?

Mal. Had you observ'd, my Lord,
With what a sweet gradation he wood,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Though she did listen with a greedie eare
To his faire modest offers: but so great
A good as then flow'd to her, should have beene
With more deliberation entertaind,
And not with such haste swallowd, she shall first
Consider seriously what the blessing is,
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And though I shall thinke
Short minutes yeeres till it be perfitted,
I will defer that which I most desire,
And so must she, till longing expectation,
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know
Her happinesse, and with what out-streacht armes
She must embrace it.

Beauf. jun. This is curiousnesse
Beyond example.

Mal. Let it then begin
From me, in whats mine owne I'll use my will,
And yeeld no further reason. I lay claime to
The libertie of a subject. Fall not off,
But be obedient, or by the haire
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my owne way, O the inward fires
That wanting vent consume me! *Exit with Theocrine.*

Montr. Tis most certaine
Hees mad, or worse.

Beauf. How, worse?

Montr. Nay, there I leave you,
My thoughts are free.

Beauf. jun. This I foresaw.

Beauf. sen. Take comfort,
He shall walke in clouds, but I'll discover him:
And he shall finde, and feele, if he excuse not,

And

And with ſtrong reaſons this groſſe injurie,
I can make uſe of my authoritie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus quarti Scena prima.

MALEFORT *ſolus.*

WHat flames are theſe my wild deſires fan in me?
The torch that feeds them, was not lighted at
Thy altars, *Cupid*: vindicate thy ſelfe,
And doe not own it: and confirme it rather,
That this infernall brand that turnes me cynders,
Was by the ſnake-hair'd Siſters throwne into
My guiltie boſome. O that I was ever
Accurs'd in having iſſue: my ſonnes bloud,
(That like the poyſon'd ſhirt of *Hercules*
Growes to each part about me) which my hate
Forc'd from him with much willingneſſe, may admit
Some weake defence; but my moſt impious love
To my faire daughter *Theocrine*, none.
Since my affection (rather wicked luſt)
That does purſue her, is a greater crime
Than any deteſtation, with which
I ſhould afflict her innocence. With what cunning
I have betray'd my ſelfe, and did not feele
The ſcorching heat that now with furie rages
Why was I tender of her? cover'd with
That fond diſguiſe, this miſchiefe ſtole upon me.
I thought it no offence to kiſſe her often,
Or twine mine armes about her ſoftest neck,
And by falſe ſhadowes of a fathers kindneſſe
I long deceiv'd my ſelfe: but now the effect
Is too apparent. How I ſtrove to be
In her opinion held the worthieſt man
In courtſhip, forme, and feature, envying him

That

That was preferd before me, and yet then
My wishes to my selfe were not discover'd.
But still my fires increas'd, and with delight
I would call her mistresse, wilfully forgetting
The name of daughter choosing rather she
Should stile me servant, then with reverence father,
Yet mocking, I nere cherish'd obscene hopes,
But in my troubled slumbers often thought
Shee was too neere to me, and then sleeping blush'd
At my imagination which pass'd
My eyes being open, not condemning it,
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dreame,
Yet spight of these temptations I have reason
That pleades against 'em, and commands me to
Extinguish these abhominable fires,
And I will doe it, I will send her backe
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there?

Enter Theocrine.

Theoc. Sir did you call?

Malef. I looke no sooner on her,
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me,
And passion againe usurpes her Empire, does none else wait me?

Theoc. I am wretched sir, should any owe more duty.

Malef. This is worse then disobedience, leave me.

Theoc. On my knees sir, as I have ever squard my will by yours.
And lik'd, and loath'd with your eyes I beseech you
To teach me, what the nature of my fault is
That hath incensd you, (surely in ought weakenesse
And not of malice) which your gentler temper
On my submission I hope will pardon,
Which granted by your piety, if that I
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,
Make you remember it, may I sinke ever
Under your dread command.

Malef. O my stars! who can but dote on this humility
That sweetens, lovely in her teares? the fetters
That seem'd to lessen in their weight, but now

By this grow heavier on me.

Theoc. Deare sir:

Malef. Peace, I must not heare thee.

Theoc. Nor looke on me.

Malef. No, thy lookes and words are charmes.

Theoc. May they have power then
To calme the tempest of your wrath, alas sir,
Did I but know in what I give offence
In my repentance I would shew my sorrow,
For what is past, and in my care hereafter
Kill the occasion or cease to be
Since life without your favour is to me a load I would cast off.

Malef. O that my heart were rent in sunder, that I might expire,
The cause in my death buried: yet I know not
With such prevailing Oratory 'tis beg'd from me
That to deny thee would convince me to
Have suck'd the milke of Tigers, rise, and I
But in a perplexd, and misterious method.
Will make relation that which all the world
Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,
Are to unhappy me foule blemishes,
And maults in nature. If thou hadst beene borne
Deformd and crooked, in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
Moore lip'd, flat nos'd, dimme ey'd, and burle brow'd
With a dwarfes stature to a gyant wife,
Sower breath'd, with clawes for fingers on thy hands,
Splay footed, gouty leg'd, and over all
A loathsome leprosie had spread it selfe,
And made thee shun'd of humane fellowships:
I had beene blest.

Theoc. Why would you wish a monster
For such a one or worse you have deserib'd,
To call your father.

Malef. Rather then as now,
Though I had drowned thee for it in the sea.
Appearing as thou dost a new Pandora,

With

With *Junos* faire cow eyes, *Minerva's* brow
Aurora's blushing cheekes, *Hebes* fresh youth,
Venus soft paps, with *Thetis* silver feet.
Theoc. Sir you have lik'd and lov'd them, and oft fore'd
(With your hyperboles of praise powrd on them)
My modesty to a defensive red,
Strowd ore that paleneſſe, which you then were pleasd
To stile the pureſt white.
Malef. And in that cup I drank the poiſon I now feele disperſd
Through every vaine and artery, wherefore art thou
So cruell to me? This thy outward shape
Brought a fierce warre against me, not to be
By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me
No hope of freedome from the Magazine
Of thy minds forces, treacherously thou drewſt up
Auxiliary helpes to strengthen that
Which was already in it ſelfe too potent,
Thy beauty gave the firſt charge, but thy duty
Seconded with thy care, and watchfull studies
To please, and serve my will in all that might
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through
All oppoſition, and my rankes of reason
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell
To bloody execution, and compeld me
With willing hands to tie on my owne chaines,
And with a kinde of flattering joy to glory in my captivity.
Theoc. I, in this you ſpeake, ſir, an ignorance it ſelfe.
Male. And so continue, for knowledge of the acts thou hast
Would make thee curſe thy ſelfe, but yield no ayde against me.
For thee to helpe me, and 'twere cruelty
In me to wounde that ſpotleſſe innocency
How ere it make me guilty, in a word
The plaintie of goodneſſe is thy ill,
Thy vertues vices, and thy humble lowneſſe
Far worſe than ſtubborne ſtifneſſe, and pride,
Thy lookes that ravith all beholders eies
As killing as the Basiliske, their teares

Expreſſd in ſorrow for the much I ſuffer,
A glorious inſultation, and no ſigne
Of pitty in thee, and to heare thee ſpeake
In thy defence, though but in ſilent action,
Would make the hurt already deepely feſterd
Incurable, and therefore as thou wouldſt not
By thy preſence raiſe freſh furies to torment me
I doe conjure thee by a fathers power,
(And tis my curſe I dare not thinke it lawfull
To ſue unto thee in a neerer name)
Without reply to leave me.

Theoc. My obedience never learnd yet to queſtion your commands,
But willingly to ſerve 'em, yet I muſt
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of
My fault, lament my fortune. *Exit.*

Malf. O that I have reaſon to diſcerne the better way
And yet purſue the worſe. when I looke on her
I burne with heat, and in her abſence freeze
With the cold blaſts of jelouſie, that another
Should ere taſte thoſe delights that are denide me,
And which of their afflictions bring leſſe torture
I hardly can diſtinguiſh, is there then
No meane? no, ſo my underſtanding tels me,
And that by my croſſe fates it is determind
That I am both waies wretched. *Enter Vſher and Montrevile.*

Vſher. Yonder he walkes ſir.

In much vexation? he hath ſent my Lady
His daughter weeping in, but what the cauſe is
Reſts yet in ſuppoſition.

Montr. I muſſe at it, but muſt be further diſtiſhed, I will hit him
In private therefore, quit the roome.

Vſher. I am gon, ſir. *Exit.*

Malef. Ha! who diſturbes me? *Montrevile.* Your pardon
Montr. Would you could grant one to your ſelfe (I ſpeake it
With the aſſurance of a friend) and yet
Before it be too late, make reparation
Of the groſſe wrong, your indiſcretion offered

To the governour and his ſonne, nay to your ſelfe,
For there begins my ſorrow.
Malef. Would I had no greater cauſe to mourne
Then their diſpleaſure, for I dare juſtifie.
Montr. We muſt not doe all that we dare private friend
I obſerv'd your alterations with a ſtricter eye
Perhaps then others, and ſo looſe no time
In repetition, your ſtrange demeanour
To your ſweet daughter.
Malef. Would you could finde out ſome other theame to treat
Montr. None but this; and this Ile dwell on, how ridiculous
And ſubject to conſtruction?
Malef. No more.
Montr. You made your ſelfe, amazes me, and if
The frequent trials enterchanged betweene us
Of love and friendſhip, be to their deſert
Eſteem'd by you, as they hold waight with me,
No inward trouble ſhould be of a ſhape
So horrid to your ſelfe, but that to me
You ſtand bound to diſcover it, and unlocke
Your ſecreteſt thoughts: though the moſt innocent were
Lowd crying ſinnes.
Malef. And ſo perhaps they are.
And therefore be not curious to learne that
Which knowne muſt make you hate me.
Montr. Thinke not ſo, I am yours in right and wrong, not ſtaid
A verball friendſhip in me, but an active,
And here I vow, I ſhall no ſooner know
What the diſeaſe is, but if you give leave
I will apply a remedy, is it madneſſe?
I am familiarly acquainted with a deepe read man
That can with charmes and herbs by
Reſtore you to your reaſon, or ſuppoſe
You are bewitch'd, he with more potent ſpels
And magicall rites ſhall cure you, Is't heavens anger?
With penitence and ſacrifice appeaſe it,
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can

Imagine dreadfull, in your fame and fortunes
You are ſecure, your impious ſonne removd to
That rendred you ſuſpected to the ſtate,
And your faire daughter.
Malef. Oh preſſe me no farther.
Montr. Are you wrung there? why what of her? hath ſhe
Made ſhipwracke of her honour, or conſpird
Againſt your life? or ſeald a contract with
The divell of hell, for the recovery of her young Inamorato?
Malef. None of theſe,
And yet what muſt increaſe the wonder in you
Being Innocent in her ſelfe, ſhe hath wounded me,
But where enquire not. Yet I know not how
I am perſwaded from my confidence
Of your vowd love to me, to truſt you with
My deareſt ſecret, pray you chide me for it,
But with a kind of pity, not inſulting
On my calamity.
Montre. Forward.
Malef. This ſame daughter.
Montre. What is her ſinne?
Malef. She is too faire to me.
Montre. Ha! how is this?
Malef. And I have looked upon her
More than a father ſhould, and languiſh to
Enjoy her as a husband.
Montre. Heaven forbid it.
Malef. And this is all the comfort you can give me,
Where are your promiſd ayds, your charmes, your herbs?
Your deepe read ſcholler, ſpels, and magicke rites?
Can all theſe diſenchaunt me? no, I muſt be
My owne Phyſitian, and upon my ſelfe
Practice a deſperate cure.
Montr. Doe not contemne me,
Injoyne me what you pleaſe with any hazard,
Ile undertake it, what meanes have you purſude
To quench this helliſh fire?

Malef. All I could thinke on,
But to no purpoſe, and yet ſometimes abſence
Does yeeld a kinde of intermiſſion to
The fury of the fit.
Montr. See her no more then.
Malef. Tis my laſt refuge, and twas my intent
And ſtill tis, to deſire your helpe.
Montr. Command it.
Malef. Thus then, you have a fort of which you are
The abſolute Lord, whither I pray you beare her:
And that the ſight of her may not againe
Nouriſh thoſe flames, which I feele ſomething laſſend,
By all the ties of friendſhip I conjure you
And by a ſolemne oath you muſt confirme it,
That though my now calmd paſſions ſhould rage higher
Then ever heretofore, and ſo compell me
Once more to wiſh to ſee her; though I uſe
Perſwaſions mixd with threatnings; may adde to it
That I this fayling ſhould with hands lifd up thus
Kneele at your feet, and bathe them with my teares,
Prayers or curſes, vowes or imprecations
Onely to looke upon her though at diſtance,
You ſtill muſt be obdurate.
Montr. If it be
Your pleaſure ſir that I ſhall be unmov'd, I will endeavour.
Malef. You muſt ſweare to be
Inexorable as you would prevent
The greateſt miſchiefe to your friend, that fate
Could throw upon him.
Montr. Well, I will obey you.
But how the governour will be anſwer'd, yet
And tis materiall, is not conſidered.
Malef. Leave that to me. Ile preſently give order
How you ſhall ſurprize her, be not frighted with
Her exclamations.
Montr. Be you conſtant to
Your reſolution I will not faile

In what concernes my part.
Malef. Be ever blessed for't. *Exeunt.*

Actus quarti, Scœna secunda.

Enter Beaufort jun. Chamont, Lamour.

Cham. Not to be spoke with, say you?
Beauf. jun. No.
Lan. Nor you
Admitted to have conference with her?
Beauf. jun. Neither.
His doores are fast lockd up, and solitude
Dwels round about em, no accesse allow'd
To friend or enemy, but——
Cham. Nay be not mov'd sir,
Let his passion worke, and like a hot rein'd horse
'Twill quickly tire it selfe.
Beauf. jun. Or in his death
Which for her sake till now I have forborne
I will revenge the injury he hath done
To my true and lawfull love.
Lan. How does your father
The Governour relish it?
Beauf. jun. Troth he never had
Affection to the match: yet in his pitty
To me, he's gone in person to his house,
Nor will he be denide, and if he finde not
Strong and faire reasons *Malefort* will heare from him
In a kinde he does not looke for.
Cham. In the meane time
Pray you put on cheerefull lookes. *Enter Montaigne.*
Beauf. jun. Mine suite my fortune.
Lan. O heer's *Montaigne.*
Mont. I never could have met you
More opportunely. Ile not stale the jest

By my relation: but if you will looke on
The malecontent *Belgardo*, newly rigde up
With the traine that followes him, 'twill be an obiect
Worthy of your noting.
Beauf. jun. Looke you the Comedy
Make good the Prologue, or the scorne will dwell
Upon your selfe.
Mont. I'll hazard that, obserue now;
Wenches. Nay, Captaine, glorious Captaine:

Enter Belgardo in a gallow habit; stayes at the doore with his sword drawne; seuerall voyces within.

Belg. Fall backe Rascalls,
Doe you make an Owle of me? this day I will
Receive no more Petitions,
Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes!
If this be the pleasure of a rich suite, would I were
Againe in my buffe jerkin, or my armour,
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors noses,
And not a dog mark'd me, every officer fauned me,
And not one lowzie prison would receive me;
But now, as the Ballade sayes, I am turnd gallant:
There does not liue that thing I ow a sowse to,
But does torment me, a faithfull Cobler told me
With his awle in his hand, I was behind hand with him
For setting me upright, and bad me looke to my selfe.
A Sempstresse too, that traded but in sockes,
Swore she would set a Serjeant on my backe
For a borrowed shirt: my pay and the benevolence,
The Governour and the States bestow'd upon me,
The citie cormorants, my mouth-mungers,
Haue swallow'd downe already, they were summes,
I grant, but that I should be such a foole
Against my oathe, being a cashir'd Captaine,
To pay debts, though growne up to one and twenty,
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgement,

Then a shop-keeper, or a Lawyer that lends money,
In a long dead vacation,
Mont. How doe you like
His meditation?
Chamont. Peace, let him proceed.
Belg. I cannot now goe on the score for shame,
And where I shall begin to pawne, I marry,
That is consider'd timely, I paid for
This traine of yours Dame *Estridge* foureteen crowns,
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly passe
For a Taverne reckoning, unlesse it be
To save the charge of paynting, naild ore a post
For the signe of the feathers; pox upon the fashion,
That a Captaine cannot thinke himselfe a Captaine,
If he weare not this like a fore-horse; yet it is not
Staple commodity; these are perfum'd too,
Of the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring
Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head lesse:
And this is Venice gold, would I had it againe
In french crownes in my pocket. O you commanders
That like me have no dead pales, nor can couzen
The Commissary at a muster, let me stand
For an example to you, as you would
Injoy your priviledges: *videlicet*,
To pay your debts, and take your lechery gratis
To have your wife warm'd by others fires,
To be often drunke, and sweare, yet pay no forfeit,
To the poore, but when you share with one another,
With all your other choyce immunities,
Onely of this I seriously advise you:
Let Courtiers trip like Courtiers,
And your Lords of dirt and dung hills weare
Their woods and acres, in velvets, fustin, tillines,
But keepe you constant to cloth and chamois.
Mont. Have you heard of such a pewterer lately?
Belg. I am studying now
Where I shall hide my selfe till the worst of

My wealth and braverie vanish, let me see,
There is a kinde of a vaulting house not farre off,
Where I us'd to spend my afternoones, among
Suburb shee-gamesters; and yet now I thinke on't
I have crackd a ring or two there, which they made
Others to solder, no,

Enter a Bawd and two wenches, with two children.

1. *Wench.* O, have we spide you.

Bawd. Upon him without ceremonie, now's the time
While he is in the paying veine.

2. *Wench.* Save you brave Captaine.

(to him.

Beauf. jun. S'light, how the strikes, they are worse than she-wolves

Belg. Shame me not in the streets, I was comming to you.

1. *Wen.* O Sir, you may in publique pay for the filling
You had in private.

2. *Wen.* We heare you are full of crownes, Sir.

1. *Wen.* And therefore knowing you are open-handed,
Before all be destroyd, I'll put you in mind, Sir,
Of your young heire here.

2. *Wen.* Here's a second, Sir,
That lookes for a childs portion.

Bawd. There are reckonings
For Muskadine and Egs too, must be thought on.

1. *Wen.* We have verie hearne hefty, Sir.

Bawd. But staid your leasure,
But now you are ripe, and loden with fruit.

2. *Wen.* 'Tis fit you should be paid; here's a boy, Sir,
Pray you kisse him, 'tis your owne, Sir,

1. *Wench.* Nay, busse this first,
It hath just your eyes, and such a promising nose,
That if the figure deceive me not, in time
'Twill prove a notable striker, like his father.

Belg. And yet you laid it to another.

1. *Wen.* True,
While you were poore, and it was policy,
But she that has varietie of fathers,
And makes not choyce of him that can maintaine it,
Were studied *Aristotles* Problemes.

Lan. A ſmart queane.

Belg. Why bracher will you whurry me?

2. *Wen.* No, but eaſe you
Of your golden burthen, the heavie carriage may
Bring you to a ſweating ſickneſſe.

Belg. Very likely,
I ſoame all ore alreadie.

1. *Wen.* Will you come off, Sir?

Belg. Would I had ne're come on: heare me with patience,
Or I will anger you. Goe to, you know me
And doe not vexe me further: by my ſins
And your diſeaſes, which are certaine truthes,
What ere you thinke, I am not maſter at
This inſtant, of a livre.

2. *Wen.* What, and in
Such a glorious ſuite?

Belg. The likes wretched things
To have no mony.

Bawd. You may pawne your clothes, Sir,

1. *Wen.* Will you ſee your iſſue ſtarve?

2. *Wen.* Or the mothers beg?

Belg. Why, you unconſcionable ſtrumpets, would you have me
Transforme my hat to double clouts and biggins?
My corſelet to a cradle? or my belt
To ſwaddlebands? or turne my cloke to blankets?
Or to ſell my ſword and ſpurs for ſope and candles?
Have you no mercy? what a chargeable divell
We carry in our breeches?

Beauf. jun. Now ſis time
To ſetch him off.

Enter Beaufort ſen.

Mont. Your father does in for us.

Bawd. The Governour!

Beauf. ſen. What are theſe?

1. *Wen.* And it like your Lordſhip,
Very poore ſpinſters.

Bawd. I am his Nurſe and Landreſſe.

Belg. You

Belg. You have nurs'd and lander'd me, hell take you for it.
Vanish.

Cham. Doe, doe, and talke with him hereafter.

1. *Wen.* Tis our best course

2. *Wen.* We'll find a time to fit him. *Exit Bawd and Whores.*

Beauf. sen. Why, in this heat, *Belgardo*

Belg. You are the cause of't.

Beauf. sen. Who, I?

Belg. Yes, your pied liverie, and your gold
Draw these vexations on mee, pray you strip me
And let me be as I was: I will not lose
The pleasures and the fredome which I had
In my certaine povertie; for all the wealth
Faire France is proud of?

Beauf. sen. Wee at better leasure
Will learne the cause of this.

Beauf. jun. What answer, Sir,
From the Admirall?

Beauf. sen. None, his daughter is remov'd
To the fort of *Montreville*, and he himselfe
In person fled, but where is not discover'd,
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies mee
Fit libertie. In a word, let it suffice
The power of our great master is contemn'd,
The sacred lawes of God and man prophan'd,
And if I sit downe with this injury,
I am unworthy of my place, and thou
Of my acknowledgement: draw up all the troopes,
As I goe, I will instruct you to what purpose.
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare
From feare, or from connivence, others ill
Though not in act assist them in their will

Exeunt.

Actus quinti Scena prima.

Montreville, Theocrine, servants.

MONTREVILE.

Binde them, and gag their mouthes fure, I alone
Will be your convoy.

1. *Wom.* Madam,

2. *Wom.* Dearest Lady,

Pag. Let me fight for my Mistresse.

Serv. Tis in vaine,
Little Cockerell of the kinde.

Montr. Away with them,
And doe as I command you,

Theocr. *Montrevile* *Exeunt Servants, Page, Women.*
You are my fathers friend, nay, more a souldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawfull war you had surpriz'd
A Citie, that bowd humbly to your pleasure,
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin
From violence; but in a free estate
Of which you are a limb, to doe a wrong
Which noble enemies never consent to
Is such an insolence.

Montr. How her heart beats!
Much like a Partridge in a Sparhawkes foot;
That with a panting silence does lament
The fate she cannot flie from! sweet, take comfort,
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you
But love and service.

Theocr. They came never cloth'd
In force, and outrage, upon what assurance
(Remembring only that my father lives)
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace.

Have

Have you presum'd to hurry mee from his house,
And as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the duty, and attendance
Of my poore servants.

Montr. Let not that affict you,
You shall not want observance, I will be
Your Page, your Woman, Parasite or Foole,
Or any other property, provided
You answer my affection.

Theocr. In what kind?

Montr. As you had done young *Beaufort*;

Theocr. How?

Montr. So Lady,
Or, if the name of wife appeare a yoke
Too heavie for your tender necke, so I
Enjoy you as a private friend, or mistresse,
T'will be sufficient.

Theocr. Blessed Angels guard me
What frontlesse impudence is this? What divell
Hath to thy certaine ruine tempted thee
To offer me this motion? by my hopes
Of after joyes, submission, nor repentance
Shall expiate this foule intent.

Montr. Intent?
Tis more, I'll make it act.

Theocr. Ribald, thou dareſt not,
And if (and with a feaver to thy soule)
Thou but consider that I have a father
And such a father, as when this arrives at
His knowledge, as it shall, the terrour of
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the houre in which lust taught thee
To nourish these base hopes, and tis my wonder
Thou dareſt forget how tender he is of mee
And that each shadow of unkind usage mee
Will raise in him a tempest nine to one
But with thy heart-blood cold'st thou when I lay him

Montr. As

Montr. As thou shalt never.

Theocr. Wilt thou murther me?

Montr. No, no, th'otherwise determin'd, foole,
The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be usefull to him, does himselfe
The injurie: Know thou most wretched creature,
That father thou presum'st upon, that father,
That when I sought thee in a noble way,
Deny'd thee to me, fancying in his hope
A higher match from his excesse of dotage,
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame
Of impious most unnaturall lust,
That now he feares his furious desires,
May force him to doe that he shakes to thinke on.

Theocr. O me most wretched.

Montr. Never hope againe
To blast him with those eyes, their golden beames
Are unto him arrowes of death and hell,
But unto me divine artillery.
And therefore since what I so long in vaine
Pursu'd, is offerd to me, and by him
Given up to my possessions doe not flatter
Thy selfe with an imaginary hope,
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,
And make use of my fortune; as we walke
I'll tell the more.

Theocr. I will not stirre.

Montr. I'll force thee:

Theocr. Helpe, helpe,

Montr. In vaine,

Theocr. In mee my brothers blood
Is punish'd as the height

Montr. The Coach there.

Theocr. Deare Sir,

Montr. Teares, curses, prayers, are alike to me,
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,
And shall take time to mourne for it at leasure.

Exit.

Allon

Actus quinti, Scæna secunda.

Enter Malefort solus.

Malef. I have playd the foole, the grosse foole, to believe
The bosome of a friend will hold a secret, I
Mine owne could not containe, and my industry
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,
Out of false hopes of freedome to my selfe,
Is in the little helpe it yeelds me, punish'd.
Shee's absent, but I have her figure here,
And every grace, and rarity about her,
Are by the pencill of my memory
In living colours paynted on my heart.
My fires too, a short interim clos'd up
Breake out with greater fury. Why was I
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declin'd
In this so tender conscienced? say I had
Injoyd what I desir'd, what had it beene
But incest? and there's something here that tels me
I stand accomptable for greater sinnes,
I never checkd at: neither had the crime
Wanted a president. I have read in story
Those first great Heroes that for their brave deeds
Were in the worlds first infancie stil'd gods,
Freely enjoyd what I deny my selfe.
Old *Saturne* in the golden age embraced
His sister *Ops* and in the same degree
The thunderer *Juno*, *Neptune*, *Thetis*, and
By their example after the first deluge
Deucalion Pirrhæ. Universall nature
As every day tis evident allowes it
To creatures of all kinds. The gallant horse
Covers the Mare to which he was the sire,
The bird with fertile seed gives new encrease

To her that hatchd him. Why should envious man then
Brand that close act which adds proximity
To whats most neere him, with the abhorred title
Of incest? or our later lawes forbid
What by the first was granted? let old men
That are not capeable of these delights
And solemne superstitious fooles prescribe
Rules to themselves, I will not curbe my freedome
But constantly go on, with this assurance,
I but walke in a path which greater men
Have trod before me. but this is the fort,
Open the gate. Within there. *Enter two Souldiers with Muskets.*
1 *Sould.* With your pardon
We must forbid your entrance.
Mal. Doe you know me?
2 *Soul.* Perfectly my Lord.
Mal. I am this Captaines friend.
1 *Sould.* It may be so, but till we know his pleasure
You must excuse us.
2 *Sould.* Wee'l acquaint him with
Your waiting here.
Mont. Waiting slave, he was ever
By me commanded.
1 *Sould.* As we are by him.
Montr. So punctuall, pray you then in my name intreat
His presence.
2 *Sould.* That we shall doe. *Exeunt Souldiers.*
Mal. I must use
Some strange perswasions to worke him to
Deliver her, and to forget her vowes,
And horrid oaths I in my madnesse made him.
Take to the contrary, and may I get those
Once more in my possession, I will beare her
Into some close cave, or desert, where wee'l end
Our lusts and lives together.
Enter Montrebile and Souldiers.
Montr. Faile not, on

The forfeit of your lives to execute
What I commanded.
Mal. *Montrevile*, how is't friend?
Mont. I am glad to see you weare such chearefull lookes,
The worlds well alered.
Mal. Yes I thanke my stars.
But me thinks thou art troubled.
Mont. Some light crosse,
But of no moment.
Mal. So I hope, beware
Of sad and impious thoughts, you know how fit
They wrought on me.
Mont. No such come neere me sir.
I have like you no daughter, and much wish
You never had been curs'd with one.
Ma. Who I?
Thou art deceiv'd, I am most happy in her.
Mont. I am glad to heare it.
Mal. My incestuous fires
Towards her are quite burnt out, I love her now
As a father, and no further.
Mont. Fix there then
Your constant peace, and doe not try a second
Temptation from her.
Mal. Yes friend though shee were
By millions of degrees more excellent
In her perfections, Nay though she could borrow
A forme Angelicall to take my frayltie
It would not doe, and therefore *Montrevile*
(My chiefe delight next her) I come to tell thee
The governour and I are reconcil'd,
And I confirm'd, and with all possible speed
To make large satisfaction to young *Beaufort*,
And her whom I have so much wrong'd, and for
thy trouble in her custody, of which
Ile now discharge thee, there's nothing in
My nerves or fortunes, but shall ever be

At thy devotion.
Montr. You promiſe faintly,
Nor doubt I the performance, yet I would not
Hereafter be reported, to have beene
The principall occaſion of your falling
Into a relaps, or but ſuppoſe out of
The eaſineſſe of my nature, and aſſurance
You are firme, and can hold out, I could conſent:
You needs muſt know there are ſo many lets
That make againſt it, that it is my wonder
You offer me the motion, having bound me
With oathes and imprecations on no termes,
Reaſons, or argumentes, you could propoſe,
I ever ſhould admit you to her ſight,
Muchleſſe reſtore her to you.
Male. Are we ſouldiers, and ſtand on othes?
Montr. Tis beyond my knowledge
In what we are more worthy, then in keeping
Our words, much more our vowes.
Malef. Heaven pardon all,
How many thouſands in our heate of wine,
Quarrels and play, and in our younger daies
(In private, I may ſay) betweene our ſelves
In points of love, have we to anſwer for,
Should we be ſcrupulous that way.
Montr. You ſay well,
And very aptly call to memory
Two oathes againſt all ties and rites of friendſhip
Broken by you to me,
Malef. No more of that.
Montr. Yes tis materiall, and to the purpoſe
The firſt (and think upon't) was when I brought you
As a viſitant to my miſtreſſe then, the mother
Of this ſame daughter, whom with dreadfull words
Too hideous to remember, you ſwore deepely
For my ſake never to attempt, yet then,
Then, when you had a ſweet wife of your owne,

I know

I know not with what arts, philtres, and charmes,
(Unleſſe in wealth and fame you were above me)
You won her from me, and her grant obtain'd,
A marriage with the ſecond wayted on,
The buriall of the firſt (that to the world
Brought your dead ſon) this I ſate tamely down by,
Wanting indeed occaſion and power
To be at the height revenged.
Malef. Yet this you ſeem'd
Freely to pardon.
Montr. As perhaps I did.
Your daughter *Theocrine* growing ripe,
(Her mother too deceas'd) and fit for marriage
I was a ſuitor for her, had your word
Upon your honour, and our friendſhip made
Authenticall, and ratified with an oath,
Shee ſhould be mine, but vowes with you being like
To your religion, a noſe of wax
To be turn'd every way, that very day
The governours ſonne but making his approaches
Of Courtſhip to her, the winde of your ambition
For her advancement ſcatter'd the thin ſand
In which you wrot your full conſent to me,
And drew you to his party. What hath paſ'd ſince
You beare a regiſter in your owne boſome
That can at large informe you.
Malef. Montrevile
I doe confeſſe all that you charge me with
To be ſtrong truth, and that I bring a cauſe
Moſt miſerably guilty, and acknowledge
That though your goodneſſe made me mine owne judge,
I ſhould not ſhew the leaſt compaſſion,
Or mercy to my ſelfe. O let not yet
My foulneſſe taint your pureneſſe, or my falſhood
Divert the torrent of your loyall faith.
My ille, if not return'd by you, will adde
Luſtre to your much good, and to orecome

With noble sufferance will expresse your strength,
And triumph ore my weakenesse. If you please to
My blacke deeds being onely knowne to you,
And in surrendring up my daughter buried:
You not alone make me your slave (for I
At no part doe deserve the name of friend,)
But in your owne breft raise a monument
Of pitty to a wretch on whom with justice
You may expresse all cruelty.

Mont. You much move me.

Mal. O that I could but hope it, to revenge
An injurie is proper to the wilhes
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon
Peculiar to Princes; see, these knees,
That have beene ever stiffe to bend to heaven
To you are supple, Is there ought beyond this
That may speake my submission? or can pride
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)
Desire a feast of more humility
To kill her growing appetite?

Mont. I requir'd not
To be sought to this poore way, yet tis so far
A kind of satisfaction that I will
Dispence a little with those serious oaths
You made me take, your daughter shall come to you,
I will not say as you deliverd her,
But as she is you may dispose of her
As you shall thinke most requisite. *Exit Montrevile.*

Mal. His last words are riddles to me.
Here the lyons foote
Would have prov'd useleſſe and against my nature
Compeld me from the Crocodile to borrow
Her counterfeit teares, there's now no turning backward,
May I but quench these fires that rage within me,
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to beare it.

Sould. You must be packing?

Exit.

Theo. Hath he rob'd me of
Mine honour, and denies me now a roome
To hide my shame?

2 *Sould.* My Lord the Admirall
Attends your Ladiship.

1 *Sould.* Close the port, and leave em. *Exeunt Souldiers.*

Mal. Ha! who is this? how altered! how deform'd!
It cannot be. And yet this creature has
A kinde of a resemblance to my daughter,
My *Theocrine*! but as different
From that she was, as bodies dead are in
Their best perfections, from what they were
When they had life and motion.

Theo. Tis most true sir,
I am dead indeed to all but misery.
O come not neere me sir, I am infectious,
To looke on me at distance is as dangerous
As from a pinacles cloud-kissing spire,
With giddy eyes to view the steepie descene
But to acknowledge me a certaine ruine.
O sir.

Mal. Speake *Theocrine*, force me not
To further question, my senses already
Have chok'd my vitall spirits.

Theo. Pray you turne away
Your face and heare me, and with my last breath
Give me leave to accuse you. What offence
From my first infancie did I commit
That for a punishment you should give up
My Virgin chastity to the treacherous guard
Of Goatish *Montrevile*?

Mal. What hath he done?

Theo. Abus'd me sir by violence, and this told
I cannot live to speake more: may the cause
In you finde pardon, but the speeding curse
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavie, heavie on him,
Beaufort my lawfull love, farewell for ever. *She dies.*

Mal.

Malef. Take not thy flight so soone Immaculate spirit.
Tis fled already, how the innocent
As in a gentle slumber passe away,
But to cut off the knotty thred of life
In guilty men, must force sterne *Atropos*
To use her sharpe knife often. I would helpe
The edge of hers with the sharpe point of mine
But that I dare not die, till I have rent
This dogs heart peecemeale. O that I had wings
To scale these walls, or that my hands were Canons
To bore their flinty sides, that I might bathe
The villaine in the reach of my good sword,
The Turkish Empire offer'd for his ransome
Should not redeeme his life. O that my voice
Were loud as thunder and with horrid sounds
Might force a dreadfull passage to his eares,
And through them reach his soule, libidinous monster
Foule raviſher, as thou durst doe a deed
Which forc'd the Sun to hide his glorious face
Behinde a sable Masque of clouds appeare,
And as a man defend it, or like me
Shew some compunction for it.

Montrevile above the rumaine, suddenly drawn.

Montr. Ha, ha, ha.
Malef. Is this an object to raise mirth?
Montr. Yes, yes.
Malef. My daughter's dead.
Mont. Thou hadst best follow her,
Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,
Thou shouldst have led the way: Doe, teare thy haire
Like a village nurse, and mourn while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just examiner of thy selfe
And in an equall ballance poise the nothing
Or little mischiefe I have done compard
With the ponderous weight of thine, and how canst thou
Accuse or argue with me? mine was a rape
And she being in a kinde contracted to me,

The fact may challenge some qualification:
But thy incense made Natures forte run backward,
And done, had caus'd an earth-quake.

A full Cry above.

1. *Sold.* Captaine.

Montr. Ha,

2. *Sold.* Our outworkes are surpris'd, the centinell slaine,
The corps du garde defeated too.

Montr. By whom?

1. *Sold.* The sudden storme and darknesse of the night
Forbids the knowledge, make up speedily,
Or all is lost.

Montr. In the divels name, whence comes this!

They descend.

Mal. Doe, doe, rage on, rend open Æolus
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue blustring Boreas,

A storme.

Aided with all the gales, the Pilot numbers
Upon his compasse, cannot raise a tempest
Through the vast region of the ayre, like that
I feele within me: for I am possess'd
With whirle-winds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadfull Hurricano; though this centre
Labour to bring forth earthquake, and hell open
Her wide stretch'd jawes, and let out all her furies,
They cannot adde an atome to the mountaine
Of feares and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head. Ha, is't fancie?

Enter the Ghost of young Malefort, *naked from the waste, full of wounds, holding before the shadow of a Ladie, her face leprous.*

Or hath hell heard me, and makes proofe if I
Dare stand the tryall? yes, I doe, and now
I view these apparitions fixedly.
I once did know the substances: For what come you?
Are your aeriall formes depriv'd of language,
And so deni'd to tell me? that by signes

You bid me aske here of my selfe? tis so
And there is something here makes answer for you.
You come to launce my seard up conscience? Yes,
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honours, worldly happinesse, were forg'd
Upon the anvile of my impious wrongs
And cruelty to you? I doe confesse it;
And that my lust compelling me to make way
For a second wife, I poison'd thee, and that
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)
That force'd thee to shake off thy filiall duty
To meet thy father, had it's spring and sourse
From thy impatience to know thy mother,
That with all duty, and obedience serv'd me.
(For now with horror I acknowledge it)
Remov'd unjustly: yet thou being my sonne,
Were't not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirm'd. Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt?
Or can repentance save me? they are vanish'd.
What's left to doe then? I'll accuse my fate
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:
Or if those starres crosse to me in my birth,
Had not deni'd their prosperous influence to it:
With peace of conscience like to innocent men,
I might have ceas'd to be, and not as now,
To curse my cause of being.

The Ghost must seem all gestures.

Answer'd still by figures.

Exeunt Ghosts.

He's kill'd with a flash of lightning.

Enter Belgrade *with souldiers.*

Belg. Here is a night
To season my silkes. Buffe-jerkin, now I miste thee,
Thou hast endur'd many foule nights, but never
One like to this; how fine my feather looks now!
Just like a Capons taile stolne out of the pen.

And hid in the sinke, and yet 't had beene dishonour
To have charg'd me without it, wilt thou never cease,
Is the petarde, as I gave directions, fasten'd
On the portcullis?

Another Sold. It hath beene attempted
By divers, but in vaine.

Belg. These are your gallants,
That at a feast take the first place, poore I,
Hardly allow'd to follow; marry in
These foolish businesses they are content
That I shall have precedence, I much thanke
Their manners, or their feare; second me Souldiers,
They have had no time to undermine, or if
They have, it is blowing up, and fetching
A caper or two in the ayre, and I will doe it,
Rather then blow my nailes here.

Sold. O brave Captaine!

Exeunt.

An alarum, musit and cryes within, a flourish.

Enter Beaufort senior: Beaufort junior: Montague: Chamont: Lanoue: Belgarde: Montravile: Souldiers.

Montr. Rackes cannot force more from me then I have
Already told you, I expect no favour;
I have cast up my accompt.

Beauf. sen. Take you the charge
Of the fort, *Belgarde*; your dangers have deserv'd it.

Belg. I thanke your excellence, this will keepe me safe yet
From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing I wot of.

Beauf. jun. All that have eyes to weepe,
Spare one teare with mee. *Tibocrine's* dead,

Montr. Her father too lies breathlesse here, I thinke,
Strucke dead with thunder.

Cham. 'Tis apparent: how
His carkase smells,

Lan. His

Lan. His face is alter'd to
Another colour.

Beauf. jun. But here's one retaines
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd downe heavens anger.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis in vaine to mourne
For whats past helpe. We will refer bad men
Your sentence to the King: may we make use of
This great example, and learne from it, that
There cannot be a want of power above
To punish murther, and unlawfull love.

FINIS.

Imprimatur.

THO. WYKES.

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